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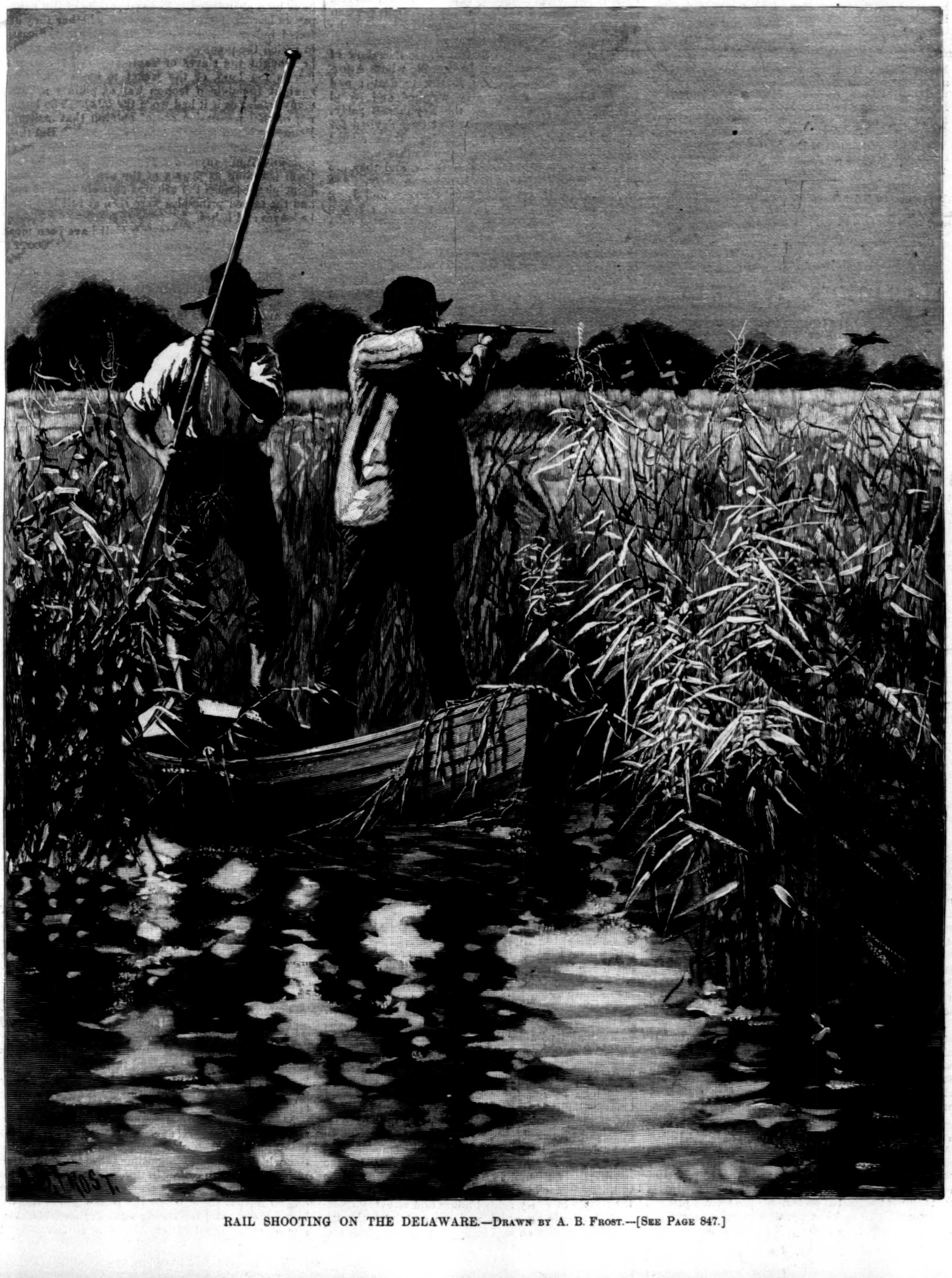

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A POLITICAL TRANSFORMATION.

WE pointed out last week the issues that are not political in this autumn's elections, as in the city of New York and the State of Pennsylvania. The most striking political aspect of the campaign we have also incidentally mentioned. It is the situation in Massachusetts, where the leadership of the Democratic party has passed into the hands of recent Republicans. The active and aggressive Democratic candidates for Congress in Massachusetts are men of the highest personal character, intelligence, and acknowledged ability, and all of them, we believe, certainly the great part of them, graduates of Harvard College. They are but representatives of a widespread tendency among the young and educated citizens of the State, including many sons of families universally known and honored for public service, to leave the Republican party as recreant to its old character and aims, although it continues to appeal to its old traditions and principles. These candidates have invited their opponents to discuss with them publicly the questions at issue, and together with the Democratic candidate for the Governorship, a young man in full sympathy with the candidates for Congress, although not of Republican training, they have been daily speaking with a force and mastery of the issues which make the campaign exceedingly instructive.

This situation is very remarkable and suggestive. It shows that there are powerful causes of disintegration in the old party connections. Apparently the Democratic party in Massachusetts had become fast bound in its traditions without vigorous initiative or impulse. By its side there was an active and resolute body of Republicans with strong convictions and full of enthusiasm, who were getting more and more at odds with their own party, and they have found it wiser by joining the Democratic to make it a new party, rather than to effect a new party organization. One of the oldest of radical Republicans, a particular friend of CHARLES SUMNER, said the other evening, as he introduced one of the new Democratic candidates, that he held his old Republican views unchanged, but was no longer at home in the Republican party. It is in vain to deny this tendency of a great body of Republicans in Massachusetts, the original Republican State, to leave their party. Is it satisfactorily explained by attributing it to disappointment, ambition, impatience, to everything but honest conviction and patriotic purpose, and to omit from consideration QUAY, DUDLEY, WANAMAKER, PLATT, INGALLS; the tariff which Mr. BLAINE says opens no new market; the tyrannical action and perilous precedents of the Speaker and the "majority," under the false plea of securing the right of the majority; the corruption that follows the trail of protection; the broken pledges of reform; the reckless pension extravagance; the changed party tone and spirit? These are the disintegrating forces. They are most active in the most intelligent minds among private citizens who do not wish for office, and whose only political ambition is practical patriotism. Is it possible that a man of the intelligence and shrewdness of Senator FRYE, of Maine, really thinks that the votes of such men are affected by such a speech as he made recently at the Vendome in Boston? It was a crisp and sparkling and vehement declaration that the Democrats were merely a body of people of doubtful loyalty, who had done nothing but mischief, who sympathized with rebellion, who had plundered the Treasury, who had been a party of destruction and negation for more than thirty years, and who, when the people in a moment of madness intrusted the government to their hands still wet with the blood of its attempted destruction, filled important places with sots and criminals; whose President wrote infamous pension vetoes, and a message upon the tariff of which he knew nothing; whose Secretary of State surrendered the rights of the United States; whose Secretary of the Interior honored JAKE THOMPSON; whose Attorney-General hounded JOHN ROACH to death; and whose tariff bill the country weighed and found wanting, and brought back the Republican party, whose MCKINLEY tariff is the best ever devised for New England interests and industries. It was a most effective stump-speech, but it was not of the kind that influences men who know and think, and they are now the chief danger of the Republican party. Are Mr. SHERMAN HOAR and Colonel CODMAN and JOHN F. ANDREW and WILLIAM EVERETT and GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAMS men whose hands in 1884 were wet with loyal blood, or who, in 1890, either condone the crimes of Copiah, or know nothing of the interests of New England, or of the principles and operation of a tariff? Are they the tools of a party which their character, conviction, and energy control? Is the great body of citizens whom they represent, but who do not take the name of Democrat, who are fully aware of the crime of slavery and of the tragedy of the rebellion, any less aware for that reason of the meaning of QUAY'S campaign, or of a reckless pension bribery, or of the corrupt tendencies of tariff politics? Is corruption less corruption because the Republican party saved the Union? The favorite but most humiliating reply to all protests that the Democrats are as bad as the Republicans is no longer available in Massachusetts, because the very men whom the reply is to influence are now largely Democrats, or in Democratic sympathy. Whatever the result of the election, the situation in Massachusetts is not less instructive.

A STRIKING POINT IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THERE is one remarkable fact in the political campaign which is now closing. It has turned upon a bill which has just become law, and which is not likely to be repealed for a long time, even if the verdict of the country at the polls proves to be against it. Indeed the friends of the bill have insisted that under the circumstances the tariff was not really an issue. Their argument has been that the country in 1888 decided in favor of a protective tariff, that at the election the party of protection came into complete possession of the government, that it has enacted a tariff, and that as protectionists control the Senate, the anti-protectionists cannot secure a repeal or serious modification of the tariff for some years to come. Consequently it would be better to await the actual trial of the law, and meanwhile discuss something else. This seems plausible enough, but, as Mr. WILLIAM EVERETT acutely puts it, the protectionists forget that they have come home asking the country to look at their work, and show its approval of it by re-electing them, and the country has been expressing its opinion of what has been done.

There is, undoubtedly, as we have heretofore said, a conservative disposition in business circles which deprecates the perpetual agitation and uncertainty of a tariff debate. This may affect votes. But when a party invites the favor of the country on the ground not merely that it has done something, but something of universal benefit, it challenges those who do not think so to say so. Naturally, therefore, the campaign has been one of Democratic attack and Republican defence. The Republicans have tried to prove the general advantage to be derived from the tariff, and the Democrats to prove that it is higher taxation without cause, and the fruitful source of political corruption and popular discontent. Under these circumstances for protectionists to insist that the debate was untimely and over a dead issue was to misapprehend the contest entirely. It was like pro-slavery men asking the antislavery party to accept CLAY'S Omnibus Bill as a *modus vivendi*.

The protectionists, moreover, ought not to have regretted the inevitable course of the campaign. They have declared that the MCKINLEY bill embodies the policy which is overwhelmingly approved by the country. If, then, directly upon the passage of the bill, its friends in Congress go home and appeal to the people in every school-house and at every cross-road for their approval, and are sustained, the triumph of protection will be apparently complete, and its friends can proclaim without dispute that the country has justified their action. But even in that event the opponents of protection would not acquiesce. It is not the American way. With the old trapper, they would pick the flint and try it again; with MARTIN VAN BUREN, they would rely upon the sober second thought of the people. No great body of intelligent Americans is ready to abandon a fundamental policy while it is evidently held to be the paramount public issue, nor will they believe it settled while it is the subject of constant and universal discussion.

THE CITY ELECTION.

THE issue of the city election in New York has been so sharply defined that attempts to confuse it have been abandoned. The sympathies of the newspapers have been perfectly evident whether they affected independence or not. It is one of the cases in which the predicament of papers that wish not to be thought the slaves of Tammany is simple—the fish is too long, or the jacket is too short. The straight Republican faction was as plainly a Tammany tender as if it had worn the label. The brethren of that persuasion are of opinion that assistant Democrat is a peculiarly biting nickname. But they amusingly and laboriously advertised themselves as assistant Tammanyites. It was ludicrous to see them parading as priests of the ark of Republican principles, because the ark was entirely transparent, and the sacred principles were seen at full length to be loaves and fishes.

The opponents of Tammany Hall have been most fortunate in their candidate for Mayor. Mr. SCOTT'S simple statements of the facts of Tammany rule, his clear comprehension of the whole subject, and of the principles that should regulate municipal action, are those of an extremely intelligent master of the question; and it would be inexpressibly comical, if it were not altogether too serious a fact, to see such a man opposed as a candidate for the Mayoralty of the chief city on the continent by the Tammany incumbent. Among the Mayors of New York when it was a small city were some of the most distinguished of its citizens. DEWITT CLINTON resigned the Senatorship of New York in Congress to become Mayor of the city. Nothing could illustrate more signally the decline of the standard of official character than DEWITT CLINTON'S present successor in the Chief Magistracy of the city. The contrast between him and his competitor at this election is painful. The present Mayor, however, is only the phenomenon of a system. He is the natural result of government by Tammany Hall, which is demonstrated to be not an organization of intelligent and public-spirited citizens, but a conspiracy for public plunder.

There was probably never an instance in which the intelligence and character of an American community were more generally united at the polls against its dangerous and irresponsible classes than at this election. There is not one, even among the conspicuous leaders of Tammany Hall, who would be accepted as a representative of the character, industry, ability, and public spirit of the city. Nevertheless Mr. CHOATE wisely advised good citizens that the organization of Tammany is very complete, and its power very great. It hesitates at nothing, and it counts on the worst and lowest motives. It counts also upon the indifference of many good citizens, and the feeling that at such times one side is as bad as the other. But no reasonable man can hold such an opinion of this controversy. Every intelligent citizen must feel that defeat would be the disgrace of the city.

A COMPULSORY SCHOOL LAW.

THE controversy over the BENNETT law involves some of the cardinal considerations of an effective common-school system which cannot be safely neglected. The common school is our chief public institution. It is the citadel of the republic. But the best institutions do not "run themselves," and the better and more important they are, the more carefully they should be supervised and directed. The steam-engine is a very powerful agent; but it is powerful to a good end only when it is intelligently managed. This is equally true of the common school. The republic is not secured when we have built school-houses and appropriated money for their support. That is only the beginning. The security of the republic is found in taking care that the school-houses are used for their purpose, and the appropriations devoted to their object. The most impregnable fortifications would be useless if unmanned, and the best-appointed school-houses if they were empty.

What we have not yet generally done in this country, and what becomes every year more important, is the enforcement of school attendance. It is a question which is the more imposing, the magnificent provision for free education in this country, or the comparative statistics of illiteracy. In Germany, as the official reports show, where the population is largely homogeneous and the immigration is inconsiderable, almost every pupil of school age is in school, and

illiteracy is extinguished. In this country, where the immigration is enormous, and the transformation of an alien into a citizen is dangerously swift, the illiteracy is immense. Americans have to think of many important questions at once, but there is none more important than this. New York is the greatest of the States, and in this vital interest New York ought to lead. Dr. FRASER, who was here twenty years ago, gave a good account of our school system in an English Blue-book. But we must make the good better. There should be not only a law, but a strong and general public opinion to support the law, requiring and enforcing attendance at school.

Mr. DRAPER, Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, one of the most efficient public officers in the State, who has animated the whole public-school system with his own zeal and intelligence, recently delivered an address to the School-masters' Club in Peoria, Illinois, in which, in the most trenchant manner, he stated the simple common-sense of the question. He spoke of the authority of the State in the education of the children, and said that generally the whole subject was left to the mercy and caprice of local communities, a course which resulted necessarily in enormous waste and inefficiency. When, however, the public taxes itself to support free schools because they are indispensable to the public welfare, then the public must do whatever is necessary to secure that result. We must spend enough money and exercise enough authority to accomplish it. There has been enough *dilettante* legislation upon the subject, says Mr. DRAPER, which has been, of course, practically barren of results. We have had enough compulsory laws that no one has executed or could execute; let us now have laws that will compel, and will provide the means and the agents of compulsion. The statement is really the argument. The School-masters' Club to which Mr. DRAPER spoke was always strongly in favor of the present Illinois compulsory law, and pledged themselves anew to retaining it and enforcing it rigorously. The resolution stated that the attendance had increased in 1890 over that of 1889 more than 16,000 pupils, and the days attendance had increased more than 4,600,000, and in private schools the attendance has been increased more than 6000. A wholesome public sentiment sustaining a rigorous enforcement of an efficient compulsory law would be an indescribable service to the State of New York.

A PUBLIC WRONG.

THE late General BELKNAP had evidently many kindly and attractive personal qualities. He was a brave soldier and a genial comrade. But, like many men of such a sympathetic disposition, he was not able to withstand temptation. Had his offences been those of a private citizen, nothing need have been said. But ought not something to be said when a man who betrayed the highest public trust was honored in his death like the purest public officer?

When Mr. LAMAR ordered one of the great departments of the government to be draped in mourning because of the death of one of its former heads who had sought in the most nefarious way to destroy the government, there was a profound sentiment of surprise and indignation. But when in the national capital a department is similarly draped for a former head who had in another way dishonored his great office and himself, and his funeral is conducted with all the signs of honor and grief that would become the obsequies of the most upright and spotless public officer, is not the public service itself degraded?

Is INGALLS's declaration that honor and honesty have nothing to do with politics or obtaining office to be applied also to the administration of office? Are American youth to be taught that a man who sells a public trust for money is to be honored in his death like the purest of patriots and the most honest of men? There is no more evident and perilous evil at this time than a low standard of official morality, and nothing can lower it further than honoring official dishonesty equally with official honesty. Senator FRYE, in Boston, cited Mr. LAMAR's offence as an unspeakable wrong to public sentiment to be especially mentioned in an arraignment of the late administration. But even while he spoke the act was repeated under the present administration which he was extolling by contrast.

MR. SCHURZ'S SPEECH.

MR. SCHURZ's late speech before the Massachusetts Reform Club on the present aspects of public affairs, especially the question of the tariff, was one of those masterly generalizations which sum up whole debates and fix attention upon the essential points of controversy. The lucidity of the orator's perception, his comprehensive intelligence, his candor of statement, intellectual rectitude, and moral force, make one of his important speeches a public event. This campaign has been peculiarly interesting and prolific in addresses by eminent public men, but there has been none which appeals to the public mind with more incisive ability, directness, and fairness than this of Mr. SCHURZ.

In another way, also, the speech is very interesting. It expresses characteristically and satisfactorily the general view of a very large body of American citizens who are profoundly interested in public affairs, but who are not dragged at the wheels of party. They are, in fact, the tribunal to which all party orators appeal. When members of Congress and party orators speak of appealing to the country and invoking the verdict of the people, they do not mean people who vote according to the label of the package, but according to its contents. They mean those who do not vote as a party bids, but as their own judgment approves.

Mr. SCHURZ's audience is very large, because there are a great many such Americans. They are in parties, indeed, as well as out of them, and they ultimately decide elections. Even if they do not always agree with every view expressed by the orator, they agree wholly with the patriotism, the essential democracy, the wise, practical Americanism of his tone. But agreement with this speech will be very general. No recent address seems to us to present so well the true American view of the questions which it treats. It is a speech to affect opinion, and when Mr. SCHURZ had taken his seat, the Reform Club instantly and unanimously resolved to print it for the widest popular circulation.

THE NOVEMBER "HARPER."

THE November number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is so good that it commands attention for itself, and not as the forerunner of the Christmas number, which it alluringly announces. The table of contents, like a choice *menu*, is exceedingly "appetizing," or, to vary the figure, the cast comprises the favorite ladies and gentlemen of the company. Messieurs WARNER, WILLIAM BLACK, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, E. W. MEALEY, LAFCADIO HEARN, Professor SLOANE of Princeton, THEODORE CHILD, Dr. WEIR MITCHELL, ALPHONSE DAUDET, Mr. BYERS, Mr. CARMAN, and Mr. LAMPMAN, with Mesdames ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP, GRACE KING, ANNIE FIELDS, RUTH DANA DRAPER, for a brilliant and various entertainment certainly leave nothing to be desired.

The manager himself—that is to say, the editor—appears for a moment to announce what he has in preparation, and he would be a cynic who should deny that it implied a season as uniformly brilliant as the present performance. An album of original drawings by THACKERAY, illustrating the attempt of a French fisherman to capture the British fleet, with an article by THACKERAY'S daughter, Mrs. RITCHIE; private letters of CHARLES DICKENS to WILKIE COLLINS, edited by LAURENCE HUTTON; a novelette by Mr. HOWELLS; a novel by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK; a novel, his first, by DU MAURIER, illustrated by the author; "Dorset Tales," by THOMAS HARDY; sketches of Eastern travel by CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON; more of M. DE BLOWITZ'S memoirs; SHAKESPEARE'S comedies illustrated by ABBEY, with comments by ANDREW LANG; CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S southern California, illustrated; WALTER BESANT, papers on London, illustrated; JULIAN RALPH'S sketches of the northwest Pacific coast; American riders, by Colonel DODGE; the Warwickshire Avon, by A. T. Q. COUCH, superbly illustrated by ALFRED PARSONS—"and more of the same," as the astounded butler remarks when the flood of the curate's family comes pouring in.

A manager need add no word to such an announcement. It is equivalent to saying that HARPER'S MAGAZINE proposes to continue to justify its old title, "the giant of the monthlies."

THE IRISH REFUGEES.

THE first impression produced in this country by the announcement of the escape of Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON is justified by the feeling in England. The misfortune of the movement is that it requires defence and explanation, and certain things must be assumed which are not necessarily so. The spectacle of members of Parliament imprisoned for advising tenants not to pay rent while they were starving would certainly have made popular martyrs of them. But the same gentlemen forfeiting their bail in order to appeal to another country to help the starving who persist in refusing do not excite the same emotion.

A political prisoner confined in prison who escapes may be a popular hero. But the same prisoner at large upon bail, if he goes off for any purpose, appeals to other feelings. It is easy to understand, what the letters from England say, that the government does not feel that the Irish cause has gained by the retreat of Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN, and that the English friends of the cause are not exhilarated by it. But it is not necessary to overestimate the importance of the incident. The speeches which the two Irish leaders will make in this country will acquaint us more in detail with the present situation of affairs in Ireland.

This appeal to America implies either that the situation was not promising, and that the steady pressure of BALFOUR's policy was affecting the disposition of the people, or that the famine is so serious as to threaten sudden suffering, in both cases a situation beyond the power of Irish and English-Irish resources to relieve. The difference between Ireland now and the American colonies in the Revolution when they sought aid of France is that the colonies were at open war, while Ireland is conducting a constitutional agitation. The speeches of the refugees will be awaited with great interest.

THE ABOLITION OF POLYGAMY.

THE news from Utah is interesting. Mr. WILFORD WOODRUFF, the present head of the Mormon fraternity, has issued a paper in which he states that as laws have been passed by the United States forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court, he intends to submit, and, so far as he can, to induce others to submit to them. He adds that there is now nothing in his teachings or in those of his associates which inculcates or encourages polygamy, and that his advice to Mormons now is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land.

This manifesto is undoubtedly due, as Miss KATE FIELD says, to the recommendation of male disfranchisement made by the Commission and Governor THOMAS. The disfranchisement of women, as Miss FIELD says, "scotched the snake." It produced an influx of Gentiles, and Salt Lake City is now under Gentile control. But the proposed male disfranchisement is startling to the Mormon chiefs. The situation now seems to be simple. The government has shown that it will punish in the most effective manner defiance of the law, and there is no further land of promise to which the Mormon law-breakers can flee. Their lord paramount therefore advises them to submit to the law.

There is nothing, however, in his manifesto, nor in what is known of Mormon sentiment, to authorize the belief that such acquiescence is anything more than surrender to superior force. The "revelation" regarding polygamy remains, and the WOODRUFF manifesto does not renounce it as a saving article of faith. Wherever there were an unrestricted Mormon majority the practice would be probably re-established. The situation, therefore, does not authorize the relaxation of the most constant watchfulness. "Polygamy is abolished" only so long and so far as the Saints feel the hand of the United States.

FOR CONGRESS IN THE SEVENTH DISTRICT.

IT is well to remember that Mr. WILLIAM T. CROASDALE, in the Seventh District, is the only Democrat running in opposition to a Tammany candidate for Congress in this city. Mr. CROASDALE is supported by voters of all views, and among his supporters are such Democrats as ex-Secretary FAIRCHILD, Mr. HENRY R. BEEKMAN, EVERETT P. WHEELER, and others, and he is represented as a man of incorruptible integrity, courage, and ability. He is associate editor with Mr. HENRY GEORGE, of the *Standard*, and was a very efficient friend of the reformed ballot law. A vote for Mr. CROASDALE would be a vote for honest politics and tariff reform.

PERSONAL.

AMONG the incidents of the burning of the Leland Hotel at Syracuse and its attendant loss of life, the behavior of the elevator conductor, HENRY RUCKER, most deserves commemoration. To his bravery in running the elevator almost through the flames to the fifth floor was due the saving of a number of lives. He made the trip four times after the fire broke out, until the whole elevator shaft was filled with smoke and the wood-work was burning. RUCKER and another attaché of the house were the last to leave the hotel office after the west half of the building was enveloped in flame.

—"The house of the seven gables," which furnished the name and some of the scenes for NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE's story, is still standing on Turner Street, at Salem, where HAWTHORNE lived for a time. The house was built in 1662, and different owners made additions to it, till it assumed the peculiar appearance which attracted the story-writer's fancy.

—Among those who danced at the ball given at Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo was the present GEORGIANA, Dowager Baroness de Ros, of London, who is ninety-five years old. She was a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who gave the ball.

—The losing of a great man's remains occasionally causes a ripple of excitement over in Europe. A couple of years ago a great search was made for the bones of MOZART, more lately the heart of GAMBETTA has been misplaced in a most unaccountable manner, and now the bones of MIRABEAU are missing. When he died in 1791, his body was conveyed with great pomp to the Pantheon; but two years later, after it was discovered that he had received sums of money from LOUIS XVI., the coffin was hustled off to the cemetery of Saint-Marcel, the burial-ground of criminals. Now that the remains are wanted again for more honorable disposal, they cannot be found.

—ISABEL GARISON (MRS. W. R. SMITH), of Montreal, whose reciprocity novel, *Line* 45, has caused some stir among Canadians, as it is believed to represent the opinions of certain prominent French Canadians of the province of Quebec, is at present in this city, where she may remain during the winter. She is one of the few English-speaking Canadians who openly favor annexation, and her pioneer work in this direction has upon occasion been roundly denounced by the conservative Ontario press.

—AUSTIN CORBIN owns about 21,000 acres of land in Newport, New Hampshire. Much of it is wooded, and he is turning it into a magnificent game preserve. Moose, caribou, elk, and deer of various kinds have already been introduced, and recently a consignment of wild-boars arrived from Germany for the park.

—In the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, with a portrait of Baron de Hirsch, a short sketch of his life and his great munificence was presented. In the statement of the particular gift made by the Baron de Hirsch for the Americanizing of Russian Jews coming to the United States, there was an error of a cipher, and in regard to this the Honorable OSCAR S. STRAUS makes the following correction: "The capital of the fund is actually $2,400,000; and pending the formation of the trust and the conditions under which it should be administered, which naturally requires time, the Baron de Hirsch has sent to the New York committee the interest of this fund at the rate of five per cent., namely, $10,000 a month, and every month since March last this handsome amount has been received. The Baron de Hirsch has lately determined, however, instead of remaining as a trustee of the capital, to remit the capital to the New York committee, and this will be done just as soon as the proper papers are drawn and executed." The intention to transmit the whole capital shows how great is the confidence of the Baron de Hirsch in the committee.

AMERICANS ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.—Drawn by Arthur J. Goodman.—[See Page 851.]

1. On the Summit. 2. Writing Letters. 3. A full Window. 4. Chief of the Guards. 5. Paris from the Fourth Floor. 6. Souvenirs for Sale. 7. The Tower by Night from the Pont de la Concorde. 8. Taking the Elevator.

THE REV. DAVID HUMPHREYS "SHADOWED" BY TWO POLICEMEN IN UNIFORM.

A GAME OF SHADOWS.

THE value of cheerfulness, the practical advantages of an elastic temper in a folk, have been exemplified to a most remarkable degree in Ireland. It is only a temperament so well adjusted as to derive occasional relief from a ludicrous side of woes that could maintain such a struggle of right against might, of freedom against brutality, as that which is going on in the Emerald Isle, to the mortification, be it said, of thousands of Englishmen, and to the horror of England's friends. That is an ill jest which tries to conceal the terrible facts of evictions, outrages by police, famine, and deprivation of the right of free speech, which are patent to the world. But along with these disgraces on the vaunted fair play of Britons, go scenes that lighten the darkness of Tory rule. New Tipperary has been evolved faster from bare fields than an American town of the suddenest growth. It lies just outside Old Tipperary, and contains the great bulk of the inhabitants of that spot, who left their houses and homes to give a lesson to landlords, and took with them all that made the old town valuable—the great butter market, the shops, hotels, and even the bank. It was in Tipperary a few months ago that a popular pastor, Father Humphreys, was espied on the street in a predicament familiar to members of Parliament from Ireland—that of being "shadowed."

Here we understand that word to mean a following by stealth on the part of a detective; but in Ireland the direct meaning is applied. The detectives are policemen, and they stick as close to their victim as his shadow. Good Father Humphreys cannot leave his door without being joined by an armed policeman, who walks close by his side, keeping step, whilst another member of the Royal Constabulary stalks silently behind. He goes into a parishioner's house; his shadows wait by the door. He enters a shop; the shadows follow, and listen eagerly for some word which may justify the local magistrate, according to the frightful perversion of justice which obtains, in clapping the father in jail. If one of his shadows can entrap him thus, or, still better, if he can be goaded to a push or a jostle which can be considered an insult to the sacred profession of constabularism, he will be promptly hustled into the bridewell. Meantime his friends are watching him from a window, vastly amused, it is to be feared, at his plain disgust; for when he stops to look in a window, the "bobbies" stop short; when he moves on, they step out. Patrick O'Brien, M.P. for Monaghan, is particularly delighted, perhaps because he has been through so many scrapes with these same well-set-up fellows, where blood flowed and citizens were killed outright, that the annoyance of his shadowed and revered friend seems by contrast a joke. He opens the window, holding a small square box under his arm. A little snapping noise sends a quiver of alarm through a dozen policemen gathered before the house, and he has bagged three birds at one shot from his Kodak. Here they are, an imperishable souvenir of what English government is in the year 1890.

The architect of New Tipperary is not so cautious as Father Humphreys. He is a big man, and does not relish stepping aside into the mud when crossing the street because three constables stand so that the narrow crossing is blocked. He brushes through the group, is reported as violent, and lodged in jail at hard labor, just to teach him that he must not build towns in Ireland unless the landlords ask him to do so! His release is the result of another amusing complication, calculated, like all the rest, to educate the Irish to scorn of magistrates and lawgivers, from the Queen down. His case is telegraphed at once to Westminster, and the Irish members vow vengeance. The appropriation bill is on its way back to the House of Lords, whence it will soon reach the Queen's hands. All the members have made their engagements for the vacation, and no cloud appears on the horizon. The Parnellites inform the official who takes the bill on its devious course that they propose to delay it. Parliament will have to sit two days more, if not three. The official turns pale and wrings his hands. He sees the wrath of his superiors, and—oh, heavens!—in the dim perspective, the anger of the Queen, compelled to postpone the retreat to her beloved Balmoral. What do they want? "An order to the Tory judiciary in Ireland to let Mr. William Gill out of jail." The official heaves a sigh of happiness, for what to him is the release of one man more or less in that remote, detested quarter of the empire called Ireland? The bargain is struck, and next morning the big architect of New Tipperary smokes his cigar triumphantly in the faces of his captors and judges.

Such popular favorites as Father Humphreys, unused to constabular attentions, may well long for the peculiarity that wore so hard on the spirits of the late Peter Schlemihl—a total absence of shadow. The Irish members of Parliament became hardened to shadowing long ago. They were and probably now are shadowed in London, but according to our notions of shadowing, for the detectives keep at some distance. When four or five Parnellites have been together, they have sometimes amused themselves by baffling these pitiful fellows. Issuing from the house together, each would take a separate cab or omnibus, and while the shadows were trying to make up their minds which to follow, they would lose all their quarry in the infinite whirl of London. But the game has not been worth the candle.

It is said that the old roguish jollity of the Irish is gone forever, and there is this truth in the statement, that when the populace was utterly without hope—free in name and enslaved in reality—it had the rollicking, devil-may-care traits of persons who cannot think of the facts of life and keep their wits; now that there is hope to obtain self-government and that self-respect which it brings, the Irish are certainly a graver people. But shadowing, which is a spasmodic form of enslavement applied to individuals, rouses this humorous side in the most singular way. The "outside cart" filled with policemen is called, in mock magnificence, the M.P.'s guard, because when that dangerous and bloodthirsty gentleman, John Dillon, M.P., or that ensanguined author and journalist, William O'Brien, M.P., sets foot in the street or takes a jaunting-car, the wagon load of policemen follow as fast as horses can take them. If he enters a house, the wagon draws up and waits. An official sits by the driver and pops notes into his book. If he can catch one of these gentlemen delivering a speech, and goad the people into a hustling match, his men break heads, strike women, boys, and old people, and he himself stands a chance of promotion. This is the treatment of a representative elected by a majority so enormous that no opposition candidate is ever nominated. The useful Kodak has caught such a wagon halted before a house in which are Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien.

The game of shadows is played on shopkeepers, market-men, and country people at fairs. The boycotting of produce, of cows, sheep, and pigs raised on farms subject to the popular ban has occasioned many episodes which had their comic side. Persons known to be or suspected of being prominent in the National League are shadowed with the utmost zeal, the policemen trying their best to keep close lest their victim should whisper to a buyer that such and such articles or animals were taboo. Then the Leaguers took to nodding their heads or whistling as they passed the objects under ban, but were arrested. Then they would stand and gaze fixedly at the objects or the shop in which they were for sale. At a fair last summer at Carrick-on-Suir a president of a local branch of the League was arrested, and the policeman was asked whether the prisoner prevented any one from dealing with a certain peasant, known as the care-taker of evicted farms. He answered that the prisoner did not, but he and others looked at the care-taker and "smoiled" at him.

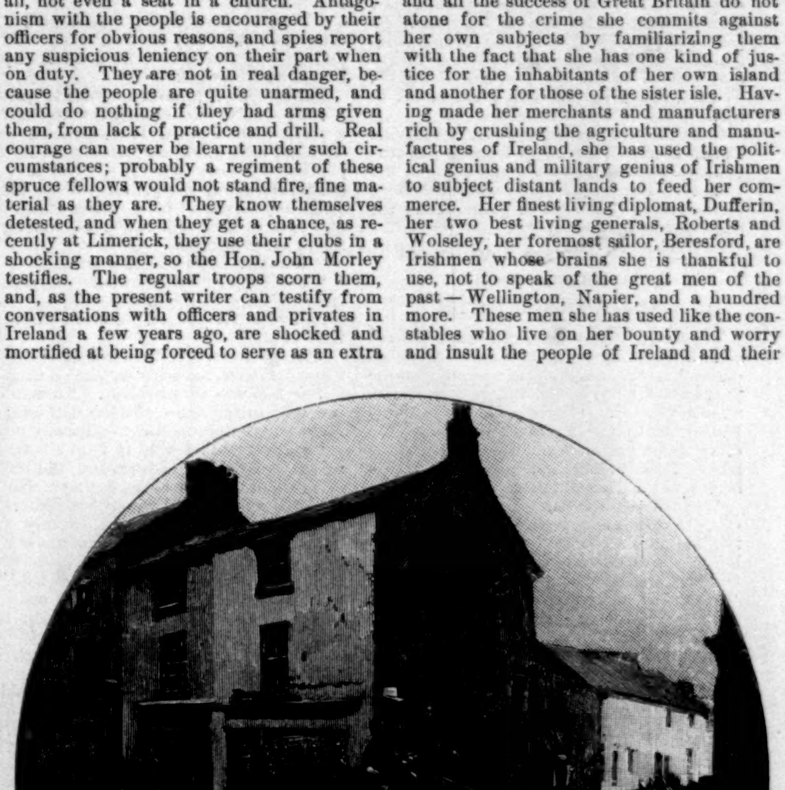
"What sort of a smile?" he was asked on cross-examination. "A hostile smile?"

No. It was to his mind "a humbugging sort of a smoile," just like that on the face of the solicitor who asked him the question.

Men have been arrested under this peculiar government for "winking at a pig," an occupation the most innocent in other lands, but in Ireland fraught with the wickedness of intent to boycott. In truth, there is no limit to the power of these policemen, whose officers are not responsible to any government recognized by the people. With curious hypocrisy they are called constables, but in fact they are a very highly trained military organization armed to the teeth, largely officered by Englishmen, and meant to terrorize and browbeat the people. They are enormously costly, and receive very high pensions when retired. Their food has to be forwarded from Dublin, because the people will not sell to their purveyors, though gladly enough are the 30,000 troops supplied which are employed in the demoralizing task of keeping Ireland down, but are brought much less in contact with the folk. A splendid body of men, beside whom the London police look like slouches, these unfortunate policemen are lured by high pay and pension into lives that no rulers should permit. They are ostracized after a fashion very hard to bear, so that they have no companionship of decent women—and outside Belfast and Dublin practically there are none but decent women in Ireland—no comrades among men, no place in social life at all, not even a seat in a church. Antagonism with the people is encouraged by their officers for obvious reasons, and spies report any suspicious leniency on their part when on duty. They are not in real danger, because the people are quite unarmed, and could do nothing if they had arms given them, from lack of practice and drill. Real courage can never be learnt under such circumstances; probably a regiment of these spruce fellows would not stand fire, fine material as they are. They know themselves detested, and when they get a chance, as recently at Limerick, they use their clubs in a shocking manner, so the Hon. John Morley testifies. The regular troops scorn them, and, as the present writer can testify from conversations with officers and privates in Ireland a few years ago, are shocked and mortified at being forced to serve as an extra police for the benefit of absentee landlords and a political party.

The number of shadows varies with the importance of the shadowed. If members of Parliament have a wagon load, such perilous persons as Father Humphreys are sometimes supplied with five constables, who evince a more than brotherly solicitude. One apiece is all that can be afforded members of a National League. This year, at a fair held in Gorey—fitting name in the past epoch of shillalahs and ructions—a number of active young men, who were being shadowed, met at a hotel, divested themselves of all clothing but breeks, coat, and shoes, and sallied forth into the crowded streets. Presently each began to walk fast—much faster than his shadow found comfortable, hampered as he was with helmet, heavy clothes, rifle, and sword. Then each broke into a trot, and presently the square and adjacent streets were lined with men, women, and children, roaring with amusement as the fleet National Leaguers sped along and their shadows toiled after, panting, puffing, blowing, and ready to give up salary and pension rather than make such fools of themselves. The lesson was a sharp one, and actually put a stop to shadowing of this sort for the time. But all these things only make the constabulary more ugly in mood, and readier to commit murders by shooting, such as were done on citizens of Mitchelstown in 1887. They have become infamous for unprovoked and apparently unauthorized attacks on the people, perhaps because they understand well enough that the secret desire of the present government has been to push the folk into acts which will justify coercion.

Englishmen and Americans who will not take the trouble to investigate the facts receive with derision any parallels between Russian methods and English; but they are strikingly similar. Things we would not tolerate for a day go on in Ireland month after month, until the marvel is how the Irish can be as law-abiding as they are. Of real crime there is almost none; of crime manufactured and extorted there is far less than one should expect. The outrages and indignities suffered by men pursuing their inalienable right to protest against injustice, the outrages and indignities in prison and out of prison, are exactly of the kind which succeeding generations remember to the credit of the victims. To call such men martyrs seems, superficially considered, tall talk, and to some may have a touch of blasphemy. But the saints and martyrs of the Christian Church really had no better credentials to the reverence of ages that followed, after the cause for which they suffered triumphed, than just such sufferings attributed to them. All the wealth and all the success of Great Britain do not atone for the crime she commits against her own subjects by familiarizing them with the fact that she has one kind of justice for the inhabitants of her own island and another for those of the sister isle. Having made her merchants and manufacturers rich by crushing the agriculture and manufactures of Ireland, she has used the political genius and military genius of Irishmen to subject distant lands to feed her commerce. Her finest living diplomat, Dufferin, her two best living generals, Roberts and Wolseley, her foremost sailor, Beresford, are Irishmen whose brains she is thankful to use, not to speak of the great men of the past — Wellington, Napier, and a hundred more. These men she has used like the constables who live on her bounty and worry and insult the people of Ireland and their



A POLICE CAR WITH TEN ARMED POLICE WAITING FOR MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., OUTSIDE THE HOTEL.

chosen representatives in Parliament. She uses them and ruins them in the eyes of history, because it will always be to their discredit that they did not throw in their lot with the oppressed, as Gladstone, Parnell, Morley, and others have done in these days.

Long would be the list of the statesmen and authors of England who have cried shame at one time or another on the treatment of the Irish at the hands of the law-givers. To Americans it has never been doubtful that this country has a standing and most serious grievance, in the fact that the hordes of Irish people reaching our shores have been educated by the English governments of the past three centuries to suspect all laws and use their inborn mother-wit to evade them. The government of the city of New York is a by-word. In England it is used constantly as an argument against granting local self-government to Ireland. But it is an argument that cuts two ways, for if the corruption in our city government may be largely laid at the doors of the Irish immigrants, who taught those immigrants to doubt the fairness of magistrates and detest the police? The answer is given by the sickening scenes which have attended Mr. Balfour's futile efforts to break the spirit of Ireland's leaders. The illustrations present only a humorous side of a subject which is many-sided and dark.

A CHIVALRIC ISSUE.

Colonel Timothy Page Redwood was nominated for the office of School Trustee by the Democrats of Brightville Township, and the Republicans ratified the nomination a few days later. This exhibition of harmonious feeling was indulged in every year, and the colonel invariably ran ahead of his ticket. The colonel had long been a factor in the political circles of Brightville, and though he aspired to no higher office than that of School Trustee, he was regarded with more admiration and awe than the Congressman himself received in that district. The colonel had come to Brightville shortly after the war, and had established a large mill there. He brought with him all the prejudices and traditions of the typical Virginian gentleman, and he held to them with as much tenacity as he did his political ideas. He was a thorough-going Democrat, and was only nominated on the other ticket because no one would ever run against him, and it also silenced him on local issues, and forbade him taking any active part in the campaign against those whose political opinions were opposed to his. He couldn't bring himself to talk against the ticket on which he held a place, and he did not like to refuse the other party the use of his name, for it was a matter of pride to him that everybody should show their admiration for him in that way. So the same proceeding was gone through with annually, and Colonel Redwood was invariably elected to fill the position of School Trustee, which he did with great credit to himself and to his constituents.

One October morning, however, Brightville looked in astonishment at flaming placards which decorated the fences and barns of the vicinity. The people could scarcely believe their eyes as they read in great letters the following announcement:

Regular Citizens' Nomination

for school trustee,

Jane Augusta Potts.

The winter before the Legislature had decided that women might hold such local office, but the majority of the Brightville people had never given the matter a moment's thought. It was generally acknowledged that Colonel Redwood could keep the office as long as he desired to do so, and the news of the nomination fell like a bombshell into the divided political camps.

When Jeremiah Barlow, the postmaster, came to open his store that particular morning he found a placard affixed to a bulletin-board where other notices were displayed, and he stared at it in open-mouthed wonder.

"Waal," he said, "I'm blest!"

This would have been a charming tribute to the fair candidate if he had meant it that way, but Mr. Barlow's ejaculation did not mean exactly what he expressed.

"I do declare!" he remarked again. "What 'll the colonel say?"

His brother store-keeper, Sam Clement, looked out from the adjoining door at that moment, and nodded as Mr. Barlow pointed to the sign.

"Yes," he said; "we did that."

"Who's *we*?" asked Jeremiah, turning suddenly on his friend.

"Why—why, there was fifty of us as thought ther ladies ought ter hev a show, seein' ez ther law 'lows it. We met at the hall last night, an' nominated Miss Potts," answered Mr. Clement, hurriedly.

"Waal, Sam Clement," said the postmaster, sternly, "ef you ain't one of the biggest fools as ever breathed."

Seeing that Mr. Clement looked at things in general from a height of five feet four inches, the remark of the postmaster was a compliment to the generality of mankind.

"That's all right," returned the abused one. "But everything is reg'lar, an' I don't see why wimmin shouldn't hev half er chance ter do somethin'. Now Miss Potts she's ben writin' on ther subject fer years, an' knows all about it, an' we thought it 'd be a nice thing to do. She made a fine speech las' night all erbout wimmin's rights."

Barlow drew in a long breath, and uttered a snort of contempt. "An' I suppose she spects thet she'll git 'lected," he said, in a sarcastic tone, taking down his shutters.

"No, she don't; an' we don't, nuther," answered the champion of women's rights; "but we want ter show thet we've got ther courage o' our 'pinions; thet's what she says 'bout it."

Jeremiah reviewed the other slowly from his superior height, and began to whistle.

"What 'll the colonel say?" asked Clement, a little nervously, as he found the postmaster silent.

"Say?" echoed Barlow—"say? What *kin* he say? He won't say nuthin', but he'll laugh." And then the postmaster went inside, and left his friend standing on the sidewalk regarding the bulletin-board with a smile of general contentment.

Everybody that read the announcement of the new candidate that morning was amazed, and the general question was, "What 'll the colonel say?" The people seemed almost to regard it as an insult to him, and the few that had convened and made the nomination in secret received the general condemnation of their friends.

"It's jes this way," said Barlow, holding forth in front of his store before the innocent placard, while his assistant was busy distributing the mail within; "the colonel may think that we don't want him no more, an' don't like ter say so, so we run in a outside candidate. 'Tain't fair, nohow. But we'll show him on 'lection day that we thinks ez much of him ez ever we did. We'll show him." And the crowd buzzed approval. "We 'ain't got nothin' agin Miss Potts, but it don't seem hardly like ter hev a woman's name stuck up on all ther fences. But ther law 'lows it, an' this is a free country, an' if people want ter push themselves I 'ain't got nothin' ter say."

The worthy advocate of the colonel stopped in his harangue a moment to gain breath, and just then somebody whispered, "The colonel's comin'," and everybody looked up the street.

The colonel came leisurely toward the group that gathered in front of the post-office, bearing himself in a dignified manner, as became one who did not seek by any wiles the office which was the gift of the people. In fact a stranger might have supposed that the handful of men that awaited him were office-seekers, and the colonel a simple voter. The colonel bowed gravely to the men, and was about to enter the post-office, when he became aware that everybody was looking at some placard on the bulletin-board, so he looked too. He read the notice with a start of surprise, and then surveyed the group over his glasses.

"Who is Miss Potts?" he asked. His tone was mild—very mild, in truth—and his auditors wondered that he did not express some violent indignation.

Barlow thrust himself forward to answer. "She's a lady, colonel, as lives up the road a piece. She's a *reel* lady, I mean, 'cause she's got money, an' she writes a lot fer ther papers. I knows that by—" But here the official discreetly stopped, lest he should divulge any secrets of his position, which entitled him to a certain leadership among his fellow store-keepers.

"Humph!" grunted the colonel.

"There ain't no doubt about yer winnin', colonel," suggested a man near him, "'cause we all votes fer you, an' 'tain't no kind of er fight at all."

"But, confound it," roared the old gentleman, turning to the speaker, "she's a woman!"

The fact was very evident. No man ever indulged in the name of Jane Augusta, and the listeners were unable to offer any reply.

"Do you think I want to fight a woman?" asked the colonel, addressing the group. "Do I look like a woman fighter? No, sir, I respect women, and would run rather than lift my hand against them; or my voice either, for that matter. It's an uneven battle. Miss What's-her-name—oh, Miss Potts—can't come out and address you as I do, and ask you for your votes. That's not a woman's way. It's an unequal contest for a man to be against a woman."

"But, colonel," suggested a stanch supporter, "do yer think it's right—"

"Not a word, if you please, sir," said the colonel, sternly, entering the post-office. "My mother was a woman. Mail, please, Barlow."

The colonel's announcement did not produce as great an effect upon his hearers as did his manner, and they waited around outside discussing the question until the genial old gentleman appeared again. Then he came out with a rush, and barely nodding to his constituents, set off up the street at a rapid pace.

"Kinder knocks him," remarked a sympathetic observer. "What 'd he say, Jerry?"

As the colonel had said nothing to the postmaster, the official addressed took refuge in generalities.

"The colonel's a gentleman," quoth Mr. Barlow, impressively.

The colonel meanwhile pursued his way up the street with a scowl. "Confound it!" he muttered to himself; "I'd like to fight against some old narrow-minded Republican just for the fun of the thing, but I can't fight a woman—I can't do it. And she hasn't any politics or platform to rest on, either. But you don't need politics in school trustees, unfortunately, and this unknown Jane Maria could probably do as well as I could in the management of affairs. Some women are capital managers. My mother was, and probably my wife would have been if I had ever had one. What can I do? Retire and give her the field? No; confound it, I won't! I'll—I'll go and see her. Wonder where she lives? How do you do, parson? Do you know a Miss—Miss—"

"Potts?" said the man of cloth, smiling. "I suppose you must mean her. I've just learned of her extraordinary action, and I am going to see her. Come along, colonel, and let me make you acquainted. She will amuse you, even if she is your opponent."

"I don't fight with women," remarked the colonel, with a sigh, wondering how often he would have to repeat those words before election day or before he was driven to retire.

"Of course you don't," assured Mr. Brownlee; "and especially with Miss Potts. She is a most extraordinary person, colonel, and I wonder that you have never met her, though, to be sure, she goes about very little. Miss Potts is a charming woman, with a modest income, which she enjoys to its fullest extent by helping the poor; and she is quite a writer, quite a fluent writer, on the woman question, but very unobtrusive in her views. I wonder that she summoned up courage enough to run against you, poor little woman! She has a violent admiration for you, colonel, and her late action is all the more to be wondered at."

"Don't, Mr. Brownlee, I beg of you," said the colonel, deprecatingly. "I—I really cannot allow you."

"Well, here we are," returned the minister. "Do come in with me. You will be interested in her, I am sure."

The colonel hesitated a moment, and then drawing himself up, proudly motioned to the other to precede him. The colonel gazed in astonishment at the richly furnished room into which he was ushered, but before he had time to remark upon it the hostess entered.

"How do you do, Mr. Brownlee?" she cried. "And Colonel Redwood, too, whom I have the pleasure of knowing by sight. It is very kind."

The stately colonel bowed lower and lower over the hand he clasped until the minister smiled. His friend was evidently not expecting to meet with any one as charming as Miss Potts. She was a slight, graceful little woman, with eloquent eyes and a dignified bearing, and looked ten years younger than the age to which she confessed—thirty-six.

"I was astonished upon waking this morning, Miss Potts, to find how famous," began the rector, when Miss Potts interrupted him.

"Does—ah—Colonel Redwood understand?" she asked, a slight blush creeping over her face.

The colonel bowed. "I do, madam," he answered, gravely. "I saw the placards this morning, and I have called to assure you of my personal interest in the matter of your candidacy, and to promise you one more vote."

"Really," said Miss Potts, blushing furiously by this time, "but I never fully realized it until I saw my name all over the village. It was very foolish in me, I am afraid, but some of the ladies were so urgent at the last sewing class that they marshalled their husbands—coerced them, I am afraid—and got quite a respectable number together, who insisted upon my running for the office. I do not fully appreciate the fact yet. It has always been a hobby of mine to have something to do with politics, but now that I have thrown down the gauntlet, I am nearly frightened to death."

"You will find the colonel a hard one to beat, Miss Potts," said the rector, laughing, "and every vote for you will be a great compliment, I assure you."

"Nothing of the kind," interposed the colonel. "I am not a fixture in the office. I have held it for ten years, and somebody else should have an opportunity; they should really, my dear madam; and I would prefer of all persons to see you there."

"He is a truthful man," Mr. Brownlee answered, "and you can generally believe all he says."

"I thank you," remarked the fair candidate, growing rather embarrassed, "but really, Mr. Brownlee, I was considering the advisability of taking my name down. I didn't think of the fences when I consented to run, and I can't bear to have Jane Augusta Potts staring me in the face all the while from every sign-board, and have everybody in the village regard me as a peculiar specimen of a curious sex. I was about to write to Mr. Bush to order him to destroy all the signs."

"Do nothing of the kind, I beg of you," the colonel broke in. "No one could be better qualified to fill the office than yourself; and if—" The colonel was actually going to offer to withdraw altogether, when Mr. Brownlee interposed.

"You see that Colonel Redwood is not personally so formidable a person as he is politically, and you need not be afraid of him. However," he continued, rising as he spoke, "I have fulfilled the object of my visit, and have learned the truth from your own lips. I wish you success."

The colonel rose to accompany Mr. Brownlee, and remarked, as he bade his opponent good-by, "You must let me bring you news of the canvass, Miss Potts, and keep you informed of all political snares that are laid for your inexperienced footsteps."

"Thank you," she answered. "I sincerely trust that you will come soon again, and—and—not look upon my action as unwomanly."

"By no means," the colonel replied, as he took his leave.

As the pair reached the street again, Mr. Brownlee turned to his friend. "Well?" he said.

The colonel smiled. "She is a wonderful woman," he answered. "I've a great mind to withdraw, and leave the field to her."

"But—colonel—are you serious?" gasped the minister, who expected to see the heavens fall almost as soon as to hear the colonel voluntarily offer to give up his cherished office, which had come to be a part of himself.

"In earnest?" repeated Colonel Redwood. "Of course I'm in earnest. If I thought that little woman would take it kindly, I'd go right back there and say"—the colonel glared fiercely at the rector, as if that gentleman had been seeking to learn what the colonel would say, but the minister was so deeply interested that the colonel continued—"and say to her that she could have the office, and me with it, by Jove!"

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Brownlee, "a Daniel! That's the only way out of it, my dear colonel; and— But what *are* you really going to do?"

"Nothing," answered the candidate; "there is nothing I can do; but if I hear one word spoken against that woman in the town, there'll be a row, and Timothy Page Redwood will be in it with both hands, you can count upon that, sir."

By the next morning every one in Brightville was wondering what the outcome of the fight would be. The colonel's words at the post-office had been repeated and magnified and distorted until no one was certain what the colonel had said, or what he was going to do. He had not been seen again by the townsfolk, and vague rumors spread all about. As the group was being addressed, as usual, by Jeremiah Barlow, and the mail was being sorted, Miss Potts drew near the post-office. There was a bright red spot on each cheek, and a short veil hid her flashing eyes, for she had felt that she was generally observed and commented upon in her walk through the main street of the town. The crowd at the post-office stared curiously at her, as only village people do stare, and gathered about the door, and looked in after her. While thus engaged, they noticed not the approach of the colonel, who passed by them quickly with a general salutation, and went in for his mail. Then excitement rose to fever-pitch; they wondered what the colonel would do, and Jeremiah Barlow hovered around the colonel like a guardian angel, so that he might not lose a word. The colonel actually looked pleased as he saw Miss Potts, and grasped her hand cordially.

"He knows her," gasped one of the crowd outside, "an' he's speakin' to her."

A faint cheer greeted this display of friendship.

"Delighted to see you, Miss Potts," he remarked. "Are you going toward your home? Do permit me to accompany you. Oh yes; thank you, Barlow," he added, as the postmaster handed him his mail. "I had nearly forgotten my letters;" and then the colonel walked by the side of Miss Potts, and reviewed the crowd outside with a general glare.

"I—I can hardly thank you," murmured Miss Potts, as the gauntlet of eyes was passed. "My courage was fast giving out, and I wondered how in the world I could ever get by those horrid staring men. I am resolved, colonel, to withdraw altogether."

"My dear madam," said the gallant colonel, bending above her, "do not, I beseech you. What does the public amount to, anyway? Why, yesterday I was thinking all day of your bravery in acting as you did, according to your convictions, and I am proud to know you, and—and—" Here the colonel himself grew embarrassed, and neither said a word until they bade each other adieu at the gate, the colonel declining to enter.

That afternoon Colonel Redwood received his copy of the Brightville *Weekly Record*, and upon opening it, he discovered this paragraph:

"The friends of Colonel Redwood were astounded a few days ago to discover the presence of a new candidate in the race for School Trustee—a female, in truth. Miss Jane Augusta Potts has entered the lists with a 'Citizens' nomination, but Colonel Redwood's friends assure us that there is no danger of their nominee not winning, and it is understood that, if necessary, the colonel will fight for his rights until the last ballot in the contest is cast."

The colonel read the paragraph with an ominous scowl and flushed face. When he had finished, he rose hastily, grabbed his hat, and set off to the newspaper office.

"Good-day, colonel," said the editor, as the irate gentleman entered.

"Good-day," sir, responded the colonel. "What is meant by this, sir? Who are my friends? Who gave you to understand that I would fight for the office? What are my rights any more than anybody else's?"

"Really, colonel," stammered the editor, "I—I—ah—thought—"

"You *thought!*" thundered the colonel. "Do I buy your paper to learn what you think about me?"

"But, colonel, this strong-minded woman," the unfortunate man began.

"Lady!" roared the colonel.

"This strong-minded—"

"What you are not."

"This lady has thrust herself upon public notice, and as editor of the public vehicle of opinion, I must make comment upon it."

"Does that mean that you must refer to her as a *female?*—a female, sir! Let all such remarks in future cease. I am able to do my own thinking."

"But you are sure to win, colonel," gasped the editor, feebly.

The candidate said nothing, but strode out of the office, leaving the editor in a state of bewildered wonderment. Miss Potts met the colonel at her own door, whither he directed his steps, and greeted him cordially. By this time the old gentleman was so completely "mad," as he termed it, that he could scarcely get his breath.

"Colonel Redwood, what is the matter?" inquired the lady, anxiously. "Do let me get you a drop of wine."

"Nothing, madam, nothing," he answered, with a wave of his hand. A "drop" would be nothing to him, in fact. "I have just seen this paragraph in the *Record*, and I have called upon the reptile who is responsible for it."

"I hope, colonel," the strong-minded woman interposed, growing suddenly pale, "that you didn't hurt him, or say anything to injure his feelings."

"His feelings?" laughed the colonel. "You might as well try to displace a house by blowing on it as to hurt the feelings of a man of his calibre. He's a twenty-two calibre, madam—the smallest size made."

Miss Potts smiled at the colonel's comparison, and then grew suddenly grave again. "I thank you exceedingly," she murmured, "and do not know what I should have done without you. I saw the paragraph you refer to, and was agreeably surprised, for I expected to be worse abused than I was. By-the-way," she continued, "it may seem very strange to ask you this question, inasmuch as I am your opponent—"

"I await your question, my dear madam," interrupted her gallant political rival.

"I had a note to-day stating that a delegation would wait upon me to-morrow evening, in order to raise some funds for campaign purposes. Now how much do you—how much is it customary to expend for legitimate expenses? I have already given them fifty dollars."

"Which is sufficient," said the colonel, briefly. "That will cover the bill—printing and ballots. I never give a cent more in the local campaign. You must not be imposed upon, and—and, if you will—that is, if I may act as your agent in the matter, I will meet the delegation to-morrow night, and explain everything to them. It's a shame to try to take advantage of a woman."

"Oh, would you?" exclaimed Miss Potts. "Would you really? I have no one whom I can trust in the matter that knows anything about it. Mr. Bush, Mr. Brownlee, and every one else I know, are densely ignorant on political matters—as much so as I am." And the harassed candidate sighed, to which the colonel gave a gruff cough. "Will you not sup with me then to-morrow evening and await the intended raid?" she continued, smiling sweetly upon the colonel.

"Thank you, I will," said that gentleman, so quickly that Miss Potts wondered whether he had not been thinking about the matter.

When the colonel got back to his own house it was growing late in the day, and the twilight shadows were gathering across the meadows. He sat down before the cheerful open fire, mixed a toddy, lit a cigar, and gazed into the fire.

"Page Redwood," he murmured solemnly to himself, "you are an old fool. Do you want this lady to win your office, which you have held for a dozen years? Do you know that you haven't thought a rap about politics for three whole days? You are in love, you gray-haired old war-horse, and you are in love with Jane Augusta. Don't deny it," he added, taking a gulp of spirits. "You know it is true; and didn't Brownlee say she liked you—no, admired me. She's a fine woman, an honest woman clear through, and you want to deceive the trusting creature by letting her imagine she can get the school trusteeship, when you know she has no more chance than a mule has of singing. You know that, and still you encourage and lead her on to a crushing defeat on election day. Suppose you should decline to run, what then? Wouldn't a couple of old ignoramuses get a place on the ticket instead of you, and leave her as badly off as ever? What are you going to do—eh? You think you love her—no, you are certain of it, and what else can a man do under the circumstances? You're not old—fifty isn't a hundred by any means; neither is sixty, and I'm nearly sixty. What will you do? Propose to her? That's it—that's it, Page, old boy. Go in, and may I be present at the wedding!" And with this resolve the colonel jumped to his feet, and after finishing his glass skipped lightly into the dining-room, and demanded to know why supper was delayed so long. "I ought to have a woman to look after the house, and then it would be Mrs. Jane Augusta Redwood. Eh, Page, my boy?" quoth the old man, laughing gayly to himself.

The morrow dragged slowly to the anxious colonel. Promptly at six o'clock he presented himself at the door of Miss Potts's mansion, which he entered with a beating heart. What a cozy little supper it was! How he enjoyed it! The silver was as old as any he had, the china was delicate enough to suit the most fastidious, but the general arrangement of everything was so perfect that Colonel Redwood actually felt like singing. He poured forth a string of anecdotes and stories of his life at the smiling little woman who presided over the teapot, and he gave her his arm after supper with such a bow that the hostess blessed politics that had thrown them together, and smiled at the incongruity of the whole affair. When they reached the parlor the colonel grew suddenly grave and nervous, until Miss Potts wondered what was the matter. Suddenly he drew his chair nearer, and let his eyes rest upon the animated face before him.

"Miss Potts," he began, "have you considered what the outcome of this will be? Your money will be wasted, for you cannot possibly win; and though I would be glad to retire in order to have you elected, it would not do any good, for my place would be taken by some machine fellow. But—but—Miss Potts—would you be willing to share the office with me? Do you care enough for me, or could you grow to like me, do you think?"

"Oh, colonel!" gasped Miss Potts.

"Say Page," whispered the colonel, bending perilously near the bowed head.

"Oh, Page," sounded a weak voice, and as the colonel bent over and gently took the hands away from the rosy face, and smiled into a pair of tearful eyes, the door-bell rang.

The colonel was standing before the fire when the delegation to raise "campaign funds" entered, but Miss Potts had vanished.

"We come ter see Miss Potts," said the spokesman, gazing in wonder at the apparition before the fire.

"Well," said the colonel, slowly, "Miss Potts is not to be seen just at present. As her—ahem!—as her future husband, I will be able to settle any business you may have with her."

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

RAIL SHOOTING ON THE DELAWARE.

OF the general family of the *Rallidæ* there are many relatives. All of them have eccentric developments of legs and necks, slender or attenuated, but these members are exactly fitted by nature for the requirements of the birds, for they feed on small crustaceans or the seeds of water-plants. Of all these smaller fresh-water-loving birds it is the *Porzana carolina* which gives the greatest delight to our sportsmen, and during the present season on the Delaware River, and the smaller streams falling into it, the rail has afforded the fullest opportunity for those who know how to handle guns. About the middle of September, when the reeds are ripe and seeds are abundant, the rail feasts on them, and in certain seasons can be found in the marshes until the close of October. A Philadelphian prides himself on his reed-birds. The bobolink, or the rice-bird of the Carolinas and Georgia, is the reed-bird of Pennsylvania, and, in a gastronomic sense, it is the rival of the ortolan and *becque-figue*. The rice-bird's mission is to take on fat. The rail, as he may occasionally be found in perfection, is a delectable morsel, and quite as good as the rice-bird.

To get your rail requires neat and accurate shooting. The bird is not very large, more neck and legs than body, and he has a way of flitting past that requires quickness on the part of the sportsman. In old days, when the birds were more plentiful than gunners, and muzzle-loaders were the arms, the shooter had in his boat what was known as "a rail box." This was a box made of tin with a tight cover, in which were four compartments. In one the powder was kept, with its measure; in another, the wads; in a third, the shot, with a small scoop; and in a fourth, the caps. This rail box facilitated loading, for when birds were plenty, it was loading and firing all the time. Breech-loaders, with cartridges, have changed the methods, but nevertheless the rail box, with its cartridges ready at hand, is still in use.

Much of the railer's success depends on his pusher. If the man in charge of the boat is an adept, even an indifferent shot ought to make some kind of a bag. The boatman uses what is called a gaff, and pushes his craft through the reeds, taking his position in the stern of the boat. The man with the gun stands at the bow. The pusher who understands his business is gifted with remarkable eyes, and invariably spots the birds. A word from him, "Mark!" spoken in a low tone of voice, with an inclination of the head, indicates a bird and its direction. The rail is flushed, and flies over the top of the reeds, and then comes the shooter's opportunity. The pusher is, however, endowed with another talent. In a wilderness of reeds, where every one square foot resembles another, if a bird is shot and falls, he never fails in finding it. It often happens that a double shot is made, the birds tumbling far apart. In the boat the pusher has two or three blocks of wood painted white. He will drop one of these blocks in the water, so as to enable him to return to the exact place from where his search began.

It is not in good form for the railer to make what Englishmen call "a plaster" out of a bird. A sportsman worthy of the name allows the bird, when flushed, some period of grace—a brief interval of flight—and then knocks the bird over. The rail is a tender bird, with little protection from plumage, and so a single pellet of shot generally kills him. At about half tide, according to the growth of the reeds, when the heads of the plants are some four and a half feet above the level of the water, is the best time for rail shooting; so the pusher is very wise as to tides, and learned as to effects of winds. Sometimes when a marsh has been a good deal shot over, the rails are shy, and will not rise when flushed. The birds dodge between the stalks of the reeds, and are invisible. The nicety in rail shooting is for the sportsman to acquire an exact balance. He must learn how to keep perfectly steady on his legs, and to hold on to his aim, indifferent as to the movements of the pusher. A cartridge with two drams of powder, with three-quarters of an ounce of No. 12 shot, is an ample charge for rails. The general opinion is that a 12-gauge gun is the right size for rails, but sportsmen who pride themselves on neat work use guns with less diameters. When on the marsh, it is wise to have several cartridges with heavier charges of powder and larger shot, for it is not uncommon to flush a teal; and though he might be crippled with the No. 12 shot, it would be found difficult to bag him. It often happens that during rail shooting a flock of reed-birds rises, which opportunity the sportsman rarely neglects taking advantage of; but reed-bird shooting requires a minimum of skill, while rail shooting is one of the fine arts.

In other days rail shooting could be indulged in within a few miles of Philadelphia, and on and around League Island millions of birds have been killed. To-day, taking Chester and the Lazaretto as a centre, at certain seasons fair rail shooting can be had. In the little hostelries frequented by sportsmen, numerous are the stories told of "the high boats" of the past, by "high boat" being meant the greatest number of birds bagged in a single tide by the occupant of some particular boat. There are authentic records of 148 birds killed, all single birds, during a single tide. Nowadays from 75 to 100 rails is a very fair display of skill, and means a first-class pusher, a tip-top shot, and plenty of rails.

Mr. Frost's sketch, shows a warm autumn day in a marsh near the Delaware River, with the sportsman making a fairly long shot at a flying rail. The water-level is just right, not too high, and so the man with the gun has the best chance of flushing and seeing the birds. It is noticeable that the pusher is on the alert. It is his business to know, if the bird is shot, exactly where it falls, and it is 999 chances in the 1000 that wherever that rail tumbles into the "mash," notwithstanding the many square miles of reeds, he will be quite sure to retrieve it. The pose of the gunner is excellent. Having done his best with the last bird, he is ready to slip in fresh cartridges, for during the next half minute the pusher may say, "Mark right!" or "Mark left!" according to the position of other rails.

A NEW PREFACE TO "LORNA DOONE."

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE having been applied to by Messrs. Harper & Brothers for a special preface to *Lorna Doone*, they received from him the following, which will in future appear as distinctive of the edition published by them:

LORNA.

"It seems but yesterday that I was here,
A lamb among the wolves, a stricken deer;
But now I am the Queen of hill and dale,
And every cottage welcomes Lorna's tale!
No gift was this, no power the rest above,
But simply that I loved what others love—
The warmth of heart no frosty airs can chill,
The strength of justice tempered by good-will;
A simple life that follows Nature's bent,
And flows melodious with its own content;
Where men think less of coronets than corn,
And gather all they need where they were born.
Brave wanderer of the West, if thou art fain
For peace like this, accept my pastoral strain."

GENTLEMAN FROM THE WEST.

"Fair lady, thanks! But not for that I roam;
Of rustic bliss too much I hear at home."

LORNA.

"Then if the works of God be thy delight,
That look their best when man is out of sight,
Thy longer power of vision I allure
With length and landscape of the Western moor—
Dark hills that wend in russet waves away,
Green valleys melting into vapors gray,
The sun that walks the golden heights, the bloom
Of velvet shadows sleeping down the coombe,
The banks and brooks that by their music earn
Fair coin of primroses, and plumes of fern—
Then rest thy brain with these delights, and share
All the brown vigor of the mountain air."

GENTLEMAN FROM THE WEST.

"Best thanks again! But ere my dollars flow,
I must have stuff that sets my heart aglow."

LORNA.

"Who hath with ease is difficult to please;
Yet I can show thee wilder sights than these—
The flash of falchions in the moonlit glen,
The caves of murder, and the outlaws' den,
The shattered homestead, and the blazing mow,
The hapless infant swung from saddle-bow,
The crags and clouds with fires of vengeance red,
And giants in each other's death-grip dead—"

GENTLEMAN FROM THE WEST.

"Bravo! That looks more like a proper fit!
I love to see a fight of real grit.
And though our laws came straightway from the Doone,
Thou shalt not tell thy tale without a boon;
The piper shall be paid! And who shall carp
If harpers let him tap their golden harp?"

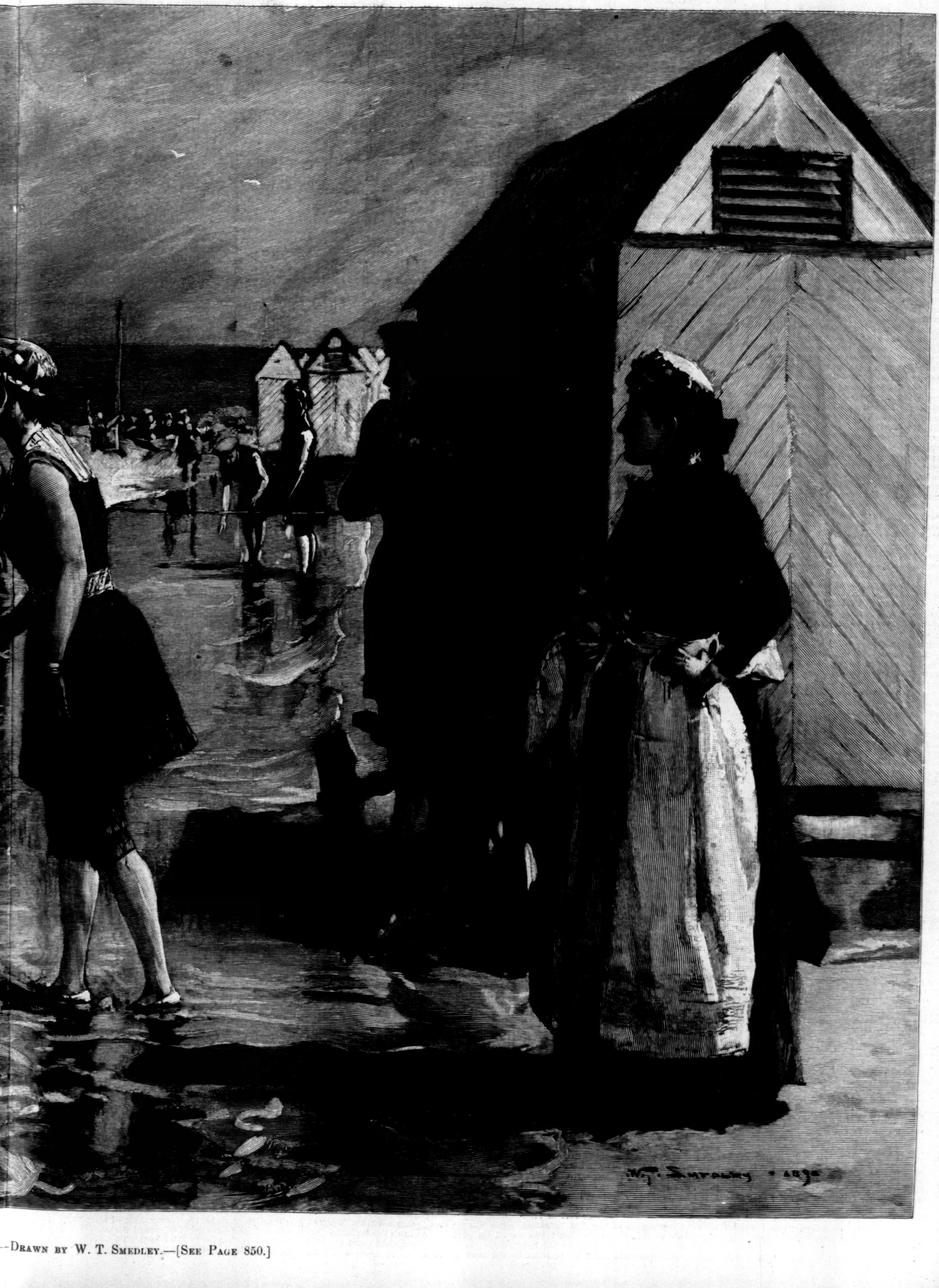
October, 1890. R. D. B.

SECTION 36.

"'Not more than tin minnits nor liss than three in the boot,' is it? Thin I don't vote at all. It's not toime enough fur me ter steady me hand."

"Sure an' that's only fur payple av manes. Siction thurty-sex here siz, 'The workin'-man must be allowed two hours to vote.'"

ON THE BEACH AT TROUVILLE.--Dr



—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 850.]

AT TROUVILLE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

OF all the scenes that slide before the lenses of my memory, the prettiest is a little vignette of Trouville, the fashionable French sea-shore resort, and particularly of the women bathing there. All the arts and graces and witcheries that the French women employ to make themselves typify beauty in the loveliest guise man ever sees it, are crystallized in the scenes on the beach at Trouville. There are no regulation blue flannel suits there, patched and faded; no dishevelled and bedraggled women "spoil their fortunes" by being witnessed of men there. Instead, every lady walks, or rides in her bathing machine, to the edge of the water, and then steps into view enveloped in a great filmy sheet of silk or cloak of other material, with her cap showing above it and her sandals peeping beneath it. As she touches the water she raises her arms, and throws the loose garment off into the care of a bathing attendant, and steps into the sea clothed for it with the taste and care she would exercise in dressing for a ball or a wedding.

But, first, it is best to go to Trouville.

It might never happen again, but when I left the south coast of England I seemed to be leaving chill winds and dull skies, to find the opposite French coast bathed in golden sunshine beneath a gay blue sky. But this I must say, that if it is not the rule for the opposite shores of the Channel to be so opposite in climate, nature should have sufficient nineteenth-century wisdom to show both shores brilliantly whenever explorers or writers appear with intent to report to a stay-at-home world what they have been seeing.

Having acquaintance with all the American watering-places of note, my curiosity about the French and English resorts was sharply whetted. Brighton surprised, but did not captivate. It was like finding a shop where one expects a theatre. It was a city by the sea with the characteristics of some parts of New York and Brooklyn, where the residences end at a water-side street, on which the people crowd to get the breezes and to stare at the water. The great mass of brick and stone houses, the long line of city-like hotels fronting the sea, the shopping streets, the stone pavements, and the great esplanade of masonry, like our Battery sea-wall, were calculated to excite respect, and perhaps admiration, but nothing about the whole of Brighton suggested a pleasure resort, or a place for communing with nature.

It is always amazing with what success the English conceal their pleasure. You scarcely ever suspect them of having any. The solemnity of a Puritan holiday in the colony of Massachusetts was, after all, only the well-ripened fruit of the pure and pristine Anglo-Saxon character.

As you read this, Brighton is the gayest of English watering-places. Let me take you there this instant on my magic carpet. Passing through the city, which is particularly heavy and dull, even for an English city, we come to the edge of the sea, and find a grand esplanade, as solid and heavy as if it had been built by the War Department. In places it consists of stone pavements on either side of a perfect carriageway; in others, there are double walks with grass-plots in between. If ever anything was "between the devil and the deep sea," it is this great promenade, for on one side rises the first of the walls of the tedious city, and on the other is the strand of the Channel. That first wall is composed of the fronts of the great hotels, often very much larger than we Americans fancy foreign hotels to be, and all of brick, or brick and stone, and looking quite as unattractive to a summer pleasure seeker as if they were in Manchester or Birmingham, or in Newark, New Jersey.

The beach on the other side offers novelty to an American because it is all clustered with bathing machines, which are simply little box-like houses, like our sea-side bath-houses, on wheels. But scarcely any one is bathing. Here and there some children, with their skirts already terminating in mid-air, and their little brown legs already bare—English fashion—have taken off their shoes and socks, and rolled up their drawers, and are frisking along the thin edge of the water. Other children are riding on donkeys, and others are playing with little balloons. They might as well be in Central Park, except that Central Park is country-like and pretty.

But the hubbub is on the esplanade. It is such a hubbub that you fancy every one in England who can get there is in the madding crowd. The pavements swarm with people—old ladies being wheeled along in Bath-chairs; old military dudes, corseted and wearing single glasses, dawdling along; young beauties in tilted straw hats, fur capes, and muslin dresses; young bucks in cricket caps and loose and flapping suits of flannel; children, children, children, nurse-girls and children, mothers and children, fathers and children.

What we call "the fakirs" are all there. Here are very clever necromancers; here are mind-readers, performing tricks as wonderful for fugitive coppers as we in New York see for a dollar and a half a chair; here are "nigger minstrels" (as they call them in England), blacked up, and wearing the most outlandish clowning costumes; here are peddlers with parasols, fans, whistles, balloons, cakes, sand shovels, and pails. And, finally, at every few feet are revivalists, begging the crowd to heed its immortal souls and to escape the wrath to come. They have as rivals the temperance men, who revel in descriptions of the vile depths they reached, in order, apparently, to be able to point with pride to their present condition, which is certainly a state of vast lung power if nothing more.

There are settees, back to back, on the pavements, and in them you may either watch the pressing throng of pedestrians, or the glittering mass of carriages, moving by the hours together up and down the road; splendid horses, beautiful vehicles, lovely women, and rigid figures in livery go by in numbers uncountable, and I fancy there are men and women (and invalids) who enjoy an afternoon spent in watching this method of displaying wealth and arrogance. I admit that a taste of it now and then, just long enough to note the horses and the fashions, is very entertaining. But, like Brighton itself, it is solemn, stately, costly, and grand, without being at all what we understand as either restful or amusing.

I took train at St.-Lazare for Trouville, and occupied a first-class carriage on the dawdling, shrieking railway. Not much can be said of my accidental companions on the journey; not because they were not interesting so much as that they would not be understood by Americans. There were two women, two young Frenchmen, and myself in the compartment. The women were extremely beautiful and vivacious; one of a pure blond type; one black-haired as an Indian. They unlaced and slid off their boots, but in such a surreptitious and artful manner as to make it impossible for me to make affidavit to the fact, though I knew it as well as if I had seen it. Then they smoked cigarettes, but if you had seen the little silver tongs they held the tiny paper cigars with, and the witchery of their graceful arms, and the merry coughing fits that came when the smoke went into their faces, you could not have helped saying that if it was all done for effect, the effect was very pretty. The men with them were just two young Frenchmen, ebullient, gay, light-hearted, and careless. They sang and whistled, cracked jokes, leaned out of the car window and shouted at the people we passed by, drank claret, smoked cigars, had a basket of luncheon sent in at one station, offered to share it with me, ate all its contents, put it off at another station, ran out whenever the train stopped, and, in a word, would have made the trip lively for a mummy.

Then came the end of the ride—and Trouville. It was eleven o'clock at night, but the excitement and pandemonium at that little railroad station can only be likened to a scene in the Stock Exchange during a panic, with all the hack drivers from the Grand Central station yelling on the sidewalk. Apparently every human being had gone astray from his wife, his sister, and his friends; each one had lost his baggage, and all were slaves to a solemn duty requiring a quarrel with the hackmen. It was the only moment abroad when I felt helpless and confused; but I found a driver who was too spent with yelling to be able to join longer in the fray, and off we went into a tangle of tiny, narrow, mediæval sort of streets to find the Hôtel du Louvre. Once there, the gorgeous object in gold-lace on the sidewalk asserted, amid wild and straining excitement of gesture, that "monsieur need not alight unless he preferred a billiard table to a bed; that it was the race week, and that every bed was twice taken." From hotel to hotel we drove, until at last an idea so brilliant struck the driver that he alighted from his perch to open the door of the carriage and share it with me. It was expressed in some such shape as this:

"Oh, sir! why did I not think, idiot that I am? The Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre! Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre! Certainly! Idiot! Why did I not go there first?"

Instead, we went there last, and in the doorway of a house that was as white as if it had been in Holland we met a stout and matronly woman, looking very practical and calm, but who instantly proved to be a mere dressful of nerves all completely out of gear.

"A room?" she asked. "Oh yes! plenty of rooms, the finest in Trouville, and accompanied by a grand dinner, a *très* grand dinner, but not for less than fifteen francs. Jean, show the gentleman to his carriage."

This was a worse fate than a night on a billiard table, with a French billiard ball for a pillow, and two cues for a counterpane. Fortunately the driver came in from a side room with a glass of "bock" in his hand, and engaged in the necessary altercation out of which alone could any reason or service be obtained, so extravagant was the excitement over the arrival of the train from Paris in the week when the season was at its height, and the races were on at Deauville close by. When the battle of words ended, the driver explained that madame had on that day decided to raise her prices fifty per cent., "on account of the Exposition and the much stranger and the much English milord," and that if I was not willing to pay fifteen francs—which she appeared to think nobody would be willing to pay—she politely referred me to my carriage. It being instantly decided that I would take a room, even at that monstrous figure, I was compelled to listen to the history of the house—long the best in Trouville—a description of the first breakfast, the second breakfast, and the dinner, and a long and lively rhapsody upon the fine bed, candle, and attendance allied to the room I was presently to be escorted to by madame herself.

Washed and refreshed, I started out at midnight to see the little town—as wide-awake and as lively at that hour as our own far-distant Bowery. The sidewalks were barely wide enough for one to walk upon, but as the men and women I met singing and swaying upon unsteady feet had locked arms and taken the middle of the roadways, no one disputed my passage. The Casino was brilliantly lighted, and around and behind it I found the beach, and the long parade beside it, past boarding-houses and villas and beer and wine saloons, before which the drinkers and smokers sat beneath the unshielded stars. It was all very strange—that uncertain stroll in a foreign place at midnight—but it was very captivating. The light-colored, stuccoed houses, the gay lights in colored globes, the strains of orchestral music and snatches of song in the air, the clear dark sky studded with the stars that we Americans think are our own, the wide white beach like that at Atlantic City, the vast black water with its edging of white lace—these were so many brush strokes in a picture that one may well travel far to enjoy. The hotel proprietress had said that she kept the house open "till all hours," but very soon I was back in my room, and very soon again I was leaning out of the window, taking in, like a child, the wine-stirred bands of men and women in the streets, the gables and chimney-pots of the houses, and the blinking stars that shone like a celestial light breaking through pinholes in the black blanket of the sky.

Further acquaintance with the town by daylight revealed only a typical small French city, strangely Latin (to one who has seen Spanish towns, but never any French ones before) in its dirt and its smells and its indifference to the first principles of sanitary safeguarding. The dwelling-houses are pretty enough, with their gravelled courts and painted iron chairs and tables, their vines and flowering plants, all recalling romantic pen pictures in French novels. To see them at their best it is wisest to go away to the beach or the deck of a steamer. Then Trouville makes a dainty little picture. It is a cluster of white and checkered houses, with bits of ivied walls and a fretwork of tiny towers nestling beneath high hills, through whose abundant verdure peep little farm clearings and picturesque villas. But in the town itself are only choking streets and stingy little shops, with white-capped and white-aproned waiters flitting about, and mustached, wrinkled women carrying laundry work and marketing in baskets on their heads. And over and through everything floats an odor of greasy cooking and unheeded street dirt.

It is ourselves, the visitors, that one enjoys. The hotels, Casino, promenade, saloons, and all the other attractions for us are down beside the water. The queer little artificial harbor between two tall fences of piling, with a beacon-light on the end of each fence, contains the yachts of English dukes and lords, a Russian prince, and an American millionaire; the flags are flapping in the breeze, the bands are playing, the place is giddy with a swarm of gay pleasure seekers.

The promenade at Trouville is a board walk, but it is laid in the sand, not uplifted above it as at Atlantic City and Asbury Park. Beyond it is an enormous reach of yellow sand, and then the mildest sort of a surf, of little baby billows that the Hudson River would think it beneath itself to make even as far up as Poughkeepsie. At the edge of the walk are booths for the sale of toys, sweetmeats, beverages, and bathing dresses. Sweeping past all these booths is a double procession of men and women. Last summer the well-dressed women all wore large hats of gauze, trimmed with flowers, and augmented with veils that ran upward and outward from their chins to the fronts of the hats. They had no capes, as did the English women across the water, but were mainly gowned in thin and pretty dresses of India or Japanese silk, very simply made. The men wore flannels as the English do, but in Trouville there were as many striped and gaudy flannels as one sees white ones in England. Instead of the English cricket cap, the French dandies wore high-crowned caps with large visors—a sort of naval head-gear. A great many young girls also wore these caps.

The children carried playthings that must sooner or later be introduced here, they are so much better than the beach toys we make for children. For instance, the shovels sold for little girls are wooden spades, with handles more than four feet long, and terminating in small wooden blades. For boys, little shovels not much bigger than wooden kitchen spoons are made, to enable them to get close down to the dirt, as boys like to do. Then they sell queer little long-handled shrimp-nets for both boys and girls, and there is a great trade in sloops and schooners, with real masts and sails, to be towed around in the shoal water, or let down from the end of the pier far beyond the breakers. I never saw happier children, or children so well provided with things to make them happy.

If you leave the board walk, where the girls are getting out of their beach carts drawn by donkeys, and walk to the surf, you will see many other novelties. First of all are what I should call the umbrella gardens. It is considered great sport to sit in the sand (or to lie in it) beneath a huge striped umbrella, with a handle like a club, and a covering as wide as a tent. The persons who keep these umbrellas for rent have a way of planting them in rows in the sand, where, as they are closed up, they look like lines of lilies wilting in the hot sun. For those who wish more shade or privacy than an umbrella yields, there are sheets of striped duck to hang around such an umbrella, and to reach from its edge to the ground. This makes half a tent.

Still closer to the water's edge are rows of chairs—common yellow kitchen chairs with rush bottoms. Sit in one by all means, for from what more comfortable position could you view the fun in the surf? But understand that the moment you sit down, a man or woman will hand you a card with these words printed on it:

PLAGE DE TROUVILLE.
CHAISE, 10 CENTIMES.
Tiket Personnel.

The bathing machines are abundant. Bathing is the chief diversion here. Very rich and fine women enter these machines up by the promenade, and having horses hitched to the vehicles, are dragged down to the water's edge. Other women and men enter the machines wherever they find one unoccupied, change their clothing in it, and walk to the water. The bathing machines I saw in England were of wood, but most of those at Trouville are merely framed with wood and covered with canvas, that in turn being often hidden under painted or printed advertisements. A Trouville bathing machine is nothing but a box eight feet long and six feet high, with a roof like a barn, all perched upon four wheels. Within are seats and clothes hooks or pegs, and sometimes a mirror and comb and brush. Either before you dress for the water or while you are in the surf, a woman brings a great wooden pitcher of fresh water to the machine, in which you find a pail to use as a washbowl.

The beach is divided into squares by a series of rows of poles connected by ropes. The first square is for ladies, the next for everybody, the next for the men who bathe in France, as they do in England, in the simplest, tightest, and scantiest suits—often only of one combination garment. It is the reservation for ladies that is found most interesting, because there we see the beautiful cloaks, and the still more beautiful effects they produce. As I saw some cloaks of Turkish towelling and some of mere white sheeting, I suspect that these simpler sorts are rented with the public costumes. But the ladies who brought their own bath costumes had very expensive cloaks of silk to match their costumes, or of some filmy material, striped, or possessing a plaid pattern.

To give an idea of the care that is bestowed upon a bathing dress at Trouville, let me describe one among many that I saw. The wearer came out of her bathing machine wrapped in a cloak of Turkey red silk. Her hat was of white straw, with Turkey red ribbons and flowers. Her sandals were white, laced with red tapes that crossed above her ankles, and were there tied in a bow. The silk cloak shone in the sun. It did not even partially reveal her figure; in fact, the women in these cloaks looked at a distance like Bedouins. As this lady's feet touched the water she raised her arms and spread them, and the gossamer cloak fell into the hands of the bathing attendant. Then she stood revealed to the concourse of on-lookers, clad as for a spectacle on the stage. She wore a loose blouse of Turkey red flannel, short tight red breeches, and red stockings. Her blouse was opened in front by two great lapels, between which was a white shirt with red stripes across it. Behind, it had a great broad sailor collar, white and banded with red.

The extravagances and eccentricities of the costumes on that beach were wonderful, and altogether they helped to form as brilliant and gay a scene as one could well imagine. Some of the cloaks were striped, some were green, some yellow. Sometimes the suits worn beneath them matched the cloaks, yet often they did not. But while the skirts were often short, the arms were often sleeveless, and I even saw two or three shirts that were somewhat *décolleté*; there were no costumes worn in the water that justified the pictures commonly seen in the Parisian illustrated papers. I doubt whether many of the costumes at Trouville would startle the bathers at Narragansett Pier, except that they were much more costly and artistic than the bath robes worn at the Pier.

So far as I saw, no matter how beautifully a lady was dressed, she went directly into the water. I make note of that, because at Long Branch and Asbury Park and Atlantic City you will often see showy dresses that are never dampened. Their wearers exhibit them upon the beach, recline in the sand with them, or promenade a little, and then retire dry as they came. At Trouville, on the contrary, each lady handed her cloak to the nutmeg-faced attendant in faded flannel skirt and knee-breeches, plunged into the sea, and reappeared in due course to be re-enveloped in the cloak, and to walk to her perambulating dressing-room.

The women flocked together in the rope enclosure at Trouville, and now and then a father or husband strayed in among them. Beyond their ropes the poorer folk of all ages and both sexes fairly thickened the sea. Many of the women in this common enclosure were very tastefully attired. The little

hint of a shirt, decked with stripes or with an anchor, that closed the fronts of their blouses, looked so pretty that it is a wonder we do not see more of the surf costumes made in that way in America. Then, again, many of the women wore colored handkerchiefs over their hair. They put them on as negresses so often wear bandannas, except that instead of tying the ends of the handkerchief over the top of the head, these French women held theirs in place with a ribbon tied in a bow at the top.

AMERICANS ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

In Paris the Eiffel Tower continues to be a great attraction to all visitors from the United States. It is natural for us to be attracted by a structure that possesses so many American characteristics; for the tower, like Uncle Sam, has no more beauty than is consistent with usefulness. "Thank Heaven, no frills and no art gallery!" said a man of the Joshua Whitcomb type, as he stood in the bare square elevator, and beamed through his spectacles at the iron framework. The tower, too, is not the result of any old formulas; it is innate independence that sends it soaring. A monument to the live present, it rises above ancient prejudice, and strikes out into the blue empyrean like a Fourth of July oration.

There is a space under the electric light nine hundred and eighty-three feet above the ground, and according to a patriotic woman from Washington, "It looks up there above the clouds as if it were made for the nest of the American eagle. Would it not be possible to begin the taming of some young eagles, and establish an eyry on the top of the Columbian tower?" With the visiting strangers and French country cousins there is perpetual holiday on the Eiffel Tower, although it is this year the one place in Paris where Parisians are rarely seen. Rain or shine, the travellers keep coming; many tongues of many nations are wagging; all the dialects of the United States of America are rising up and going down in elevators together; and the poor and the powerful keep on mingling their exclamations and sensations as if life were one long country picnic. When you arrive at the base of the tower, you are forcibly dragged from your carriage by sturdy beggars, who expect to be paid for obstructing the pathway. Venders of Eiffel Tower cuff-buttons, pen-holders, etc., annoy you until you have passed the welcome barrier beyond which they are not allowed. We may be spared these annoyances in Chicago, but unless artistic architects use all their judgment, we can never arrive at anything like the beauty and dignity of the immediate surroundings at the base of the Paris tower.

You look through the great arch of the base and see the palace of the Champ de Mars, with its garden, fountains, and colossal grouping of snow-white statuary. Passing under the tower, you may visit this garden at will, and looking backward through the arch of the tower, you see on the other side that handsome stone bridge across the river Seine, the Pont de Jena, leading directly into the beautiful park of the Trocadéro. In the centre of this park there is a great fountain shaped like a cascade, and on either side the turf, bright with flower beds, slopes upward to the eminence where that fascinating and highly decorative building, the palace of the Trocadéro, is outlined against the sky, exactly in line with the bridge, the fountains, the statuary, and the flying figure on the central dome of the palace of the Champ de Mars. In the midst of this beauty, dwarfing all its features into something Liliputian, the Eiffel Tower rises like a tall, dingy iron scaffolding leading into cloud-land. Its four feet are anchored in four tomb-like structures of pale granite. Through the interstices of the iron-work you can see the big elevators crawling up and down like beetles. The guards are all in navy blue and army blue uniform, with red piping. Most of them are retired soldiers, with bosoms full of medals.

There is a ticket office in each foot of the tower, and you may buy to the top for eighty cents, or pay on the instalment plan, at the rate of twenty cents a story.

Most of those who enter the elevator have an apprehensive look, and walk as if treading on eggs. Some put their feet out like cats, and try the floor two or three times before the guard can induce them to enter. The elevator, with its plate-glass windows and nickel-plated hand-rails, looks like a small cabin on board ship. Some French people from the provinces, who have never seen an elevator before, are round-eyed with fear, especially when the floor, on account of the steep incline, tilts first one way and then another. A millionaire from Chicago pulls out an expensive watch, and times the machine with a look of disgust; it is pretty slow by Chicago time. A theatrical manager from New York, travelling incognito, lifts his hat to cool an obviously fevered brow.

"Any ozone up there?" he asks a friend.

"Um!" is the answer, in a seedy voice. "That's what I require." And he looks at the lessening landscape as if he thought its sudden retreat might be due in some degree to last night's champagne.

A party of tourists from Nutmegville, New England, in charge of a sort of cattle-driver from some tourist agency, cling feverishly to their umbrellas, and smile at each other in a sickly way. A bridal couple from America attract universal attention as she giggles like Mrs. Yeamans, while he gravely tries to tie a torn veil across her carroty frizzes streaked with gray. The groom is a Mexican vaquero, and the bride a red-headed Irish chambermaid in the forties; or, as an American *enfant terrible* exclaimed, "There's a lady by Mike Woolf with one of Mr. Remington's men!"

"Wonder what their terms are," says the manager, absently.

The first floor safely reached, the passengers are, as usual, dismayed at finding they have to change elevators at every floor.

"Sorr," says the bride, addressing the Chicago millionaire, "we're Amerrykins, an' sure we don't spake the langwidge. Kindly, sorr, would ye ricommind us to the ellyvatur fer the nixt flure?"

"Gracias, señor," says the groom, as the way is indicated.

The party from Nutmegville, who announced at first that they thought "twenty cents each a plenty to spend on the tower," become rash, and decide to go "plumb to the top." They hold a sort of impromptu village meeting to decide whether they shall pay the interpreter's fare and take him to the top, or leave him behind and save the money. Finally a man in the forties, with very curly hair and beard, evidently the beau of the party, struts around a little in a facetious way, and announces that he himself will pay the interpreter's fare to the top.

The women all comment rapturously.

"Land! you're a case, Mr. Doolittle!"

"Goodness me! where will you stop?"

"Mis' Simpson jist said, comin' up, 't any one could see you was a perfect gentleman with half an eye, the way you take your hat off in the elevator in the presence of ladies."

"Oh, deary me! Mr. Doolittle, here I've gone and run short agi'n. 'Ll you just lend me ten cents? I'll give it to you the minnit we git back t' th' hotel."

"Law me suz! who'd 'a' thought, the way we used to sit on the stoop in front of the store, that we'd all be doin' the grand like this in Paris?"

The interpreter, who was temporarily shorn of authority, begins to swell up with importance once more. Mr. Doolittle's pale blue eyes are watery with delight at his social success, and his hair and beard take on a tighter crinkle. A couple of lank boys and some snuff-colored old men look very much disgusted.

"Doolittle 'll have ter put a plenty sand in his sugar next year, if he expects to git even on this trip."

"Well, if he does, them fool wimmin 'll never know the difference. It does beat the Dutch how they run after him."

"The dern fool *thinks* he's havin' fun. 'A fool an' his money's soon parted,' so say *I*."

The elevator for the second floor being announced, the Nutmegville people scatter in different directions, each assuming to lead the others. With some difficulty and a great show of authority, the interpreter runs them into the elevator as if he were frightening chickens into a coop.

A lively breeze is blowing on the second landing, and a large party of French people are taking refreshments in a tent which is closed to the view and opens toward the elevator. A young girl starts to leave the tent.

"Jeanne, where are you going?" calls the mother.

"May I not look at the view, mamma?"

"Assuredly not. You know perfectly well that draughts are very, very dangerous."

At the third landing there are no facilities for walking about, and people are merely changed from one elevator to another. Here the last tickets are given up, and the invariable slight excitement follows. The French, particularly the old ladies, are worried because they do not receive return tickets. One elderly Englishman, who uses most grammatical French, with a deep bass, London accent, stolidly refuses to move on until he receives coupons for the descent of his family party of nine. An American college boy, in very new plaid clothes, and a pink necktie that would not be safe in the streets of New York, slides his jewelled hands into his pockets and remarks to a friend of his own pattern:

"Why can't they look pleasant? Wonder if they think Eiffel gets all the people up there and boards them until they learn to fly?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, the descent is absolutely free," shouts the guard.

"You can all come it down for no money whatever," translates the interpreter.

The view from the fourth and highest floor is exactly what one would expect to see from a balloon. In extent, changeability, and beauty of atmospheric gradations, it is something to give a landscape-painter the lesson of a lifetime. From the dim, vague purple of distant mountains, the eye follows through diminishing layers of atmosphere and graded degrees of distinctness down to the sharp drawing and vivid color of the features in the immediate foreground. You see villages twenty, fifteen, ten, and five miles away, and then begins Paris—new Paris, with its red-tiled roofs, and old Paris, with its tones of dull gray. You find with perfect facility all the spires, domes, and monuments dear to history; you trace the sinuous course of the river Seine, that seems to run under the town; you see the splendid park of the Bois de Boulogne look like a dish of salad; you watch a gray shower come down across Mont Valérien and sweep across the Bois, or see its greenness varied by the shadows of passing clouds. Impossible not to feel one's own littleness in the midst of such surroundings; the sensation is like that experienced by the student who takes up astronomy and learns for the first time how small a space in the universe is occupied by this world of ours. It is shocking to look down from the tower and reflect that you are no bigger, and perhaps no better, than all those other little black things crawling below.

"Well, mamma," says the *enfant terrible*, "if *we* look that way from the sky, I don't see how the angels can take such an interest in us;" adding, as a consoling after-thought, "Probberly they have very good opera-glasses."

The *cacoëthes scribendi* is a disease that attacks people horribly in these upper altitudes. To spare the new summer coat of paint, the fourth floor of the tower is now provided with three large blank sheets set in frames. These are fresh every day, and the management announces an intention to preserve and bind them. By afternoon these sheets are pretty well scribbled over with autographs and sentiments in all languages and curiously diverse styles of penmanship.

"What a view! What a view!! What a view!!!" writes an English woman.

Another writer reveals his nationality by the line, "When upon this tower, and reflecting upon its construction, who is not proud to be a Frenchman!"

"Ah there! stay there! we'll beat this in Chicago," was written, maybe, by the jewelled college boy with the pink necktie, who stands long in front of a mirror contemplating his personal charms with great interest and perfect composure. A stray Beaux-Arts student, with his sweetheart on his arm, stops to dash off a couplet on the register, and then repairs to a little buffet to seek further inspiration in syrup and water. The lines he has written are as characteristic as his straight-brimmed silk hat, and warranted to rhyme in any language—

> "From the top of this tower in rapture I see
> My mother-in-law only as big as a flea."

A lady gazes long and earnestly at the view; it is a trim New York matron, with a manner so characteristic you can almost tell what church she attends, and how much per annum is paid for the family pew. The daughter near by, in a new Parisian costume, writes a letter home, and fails, in a calm New York way, to hear the questions addressed by a girl at the same desk, an American girl from nowhere. The girl from nowhere talks through her nose in a piercingly high key and has a horrible fondness for dwelling on the letter *r*. She has a round back, a tiny waist, and a complexion that tells a tale of pickles, ice-water, and pie crust.

There is a little alcove in this fourth floor—the floor consists, by-the-way, of a central elevator and a circular enclosed gallery—where a settee invites the weary. But if you happen to sit down by a couple of elaborately bediamonded American women who are telling each other all about their awful troubles with their husbands—men who are perhaps at home earning more diamonds—you may feel impelled, as did the writer, to move on. There, at one of the little shops, is an American beauty who would be adorable if her voice were as correct as her principles. She loudly insists, "Albert, you must not spend your money on presents for me, for I tell you that uncle will not permit me to accept them."

In passing you may take the programme of an evening concert to be held on the first floor, the only story accessible after dark. One number is called "The Funeral March of a Mother-in-law." The good old joke has evidently taken a new lease of life this summer. A card from M. Eiffel puts a guard at the service of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and opens a winding stair that leads to the little open platform under the electric light. To advance to the railing is to invite vertigo. One can only sit on a bench against the wall, and keep pretty near the stalwart guide, who has lived among the clouds so long he does not feel at home on terra-firma.

Here and elsewhere the artist improves the opportunity for sketching. Save those made from photographs, probably all pictures concerning the Eiffel Tower are efforts of memory or invention. The photographic privileges are leased to a close corporation, and even sketching is rigorously prohibited. The artist of HARPER'S WEEKLY was guaranteed by Mr. Bouguereau to Mr. Eiffel as a responsible American, who neither could nor would use a photographic machine if he had one. Then, after the customary Parisian red tape, a permit was deposited in the Norwegian Pavilion—a cottage at the base of the tower. There this permit remains for safe-keeping.

On the top of the tower you have a good opportunity to find that there is much protection in a few hundred feet of atmosphere. The rays of the sun are excessively hot; they strike through the clothing and prick like needles. Presently a cloud comes along. The wind rises suddenly and fiercely; you can hear it whistle through the iron-work, and feel a gentle but not alarming vibration of the tower.

In five minutes the wind is a gale; your garments flap as if they would be torn to shreds; a gray fog closes in; great drops of rain are blown like pelting shot; the vibration of the tower increases, but slightly. The rain is harder and heavier; it is time to use a little discretion. The winding stair is short; the fat brigadier of the guards bows you into the elevator. The floors of the various platforms are not sloped so as to afford a ready drainage. If there be a Columbian Tower, let the builders not neglect a detail so important to a suffering community. When caught in a shower on the Eiffel tower, the journey from elevator to elevator must be made by running through broad lakes that are dangerous if not deep. The rain washes all the sentiment out of the soul, dilutes imagination, and sends you spinning home with a consuming idea that, after all, the most important things in life are quinine and dry clothing.

MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

SCHWEITZSTEIN. "See here, insbector, you don' exbect I gets into dis path-house to vote, is it? I gets into one in de summer at der zee-shore, unt by chin I hev to preak him in bieces so long as I gets out."

A COLORED PREACHER.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

A COLORED PREACHER.

With the freedom which the colored people of the United States possess, and a higher educational standard obtainable in theological schools, the colored clergymen of a newer generation offer marked differences from those of the past. Half a century ago the power of impassioned prayer, with but a slight acquaintance with the Bible, sufficed the negro preacher. The class-leader owed somewhat of his position to his years. There were reverence for the old man, respect for his attainments, meagre though they might have been. It was not always necessary that the leader should know even how to read. The primitive church in the Southern States was in a measure isolated. A congregation might consist of the hands on one or more plantations, meeting, according to their degree of fervor, several times during the evenings of the week, with a marked observation of the Sabbath. On large plantations there was always a church. This might have been modest in its construction, but it was built and kept in good order by the master. The "brother," or parson, was always a slave, often a field laborer, rarely a mechanic, sometimes a taskmaster or "driver," but he was invariably held in high respect by his owner as an honest and truthful man. Certain small privileges were allowed him and his family. The "brother's" wife held a leading position among the servants at "the gre't house," as the slaves called the master's mansion. If on a Sunday the distance to be travelled by the colored preacher was great, it was the custom to let him have a mule or a horse, and sometimes a buggy.

In this system of country service no emolument was received by the leading brother. It was a labor of love, and dictated by piety alone.

In the large Southern cities the pastor held a higher position in the estimation of both whites and blacks. As often as not he was the butler in some well-to-do house. He could not only read and write, but knew his Bible by heart. The master took no small pride in the preacher, and cared for his personal appearance in the pulpit. If he were a family servant, he was released from all house duties on a Sunday. A good deal of respect was always paid them, even by the younger children in the white family, and they were invariably addressed as "father." When Northern strangers were on a visit South they were sometimes taken to these colored churches in the city, and were pleasantly received by the elders, and the best seats were given them. Invariably the good influence of these colored fathers was recognized by the whites, and innumerable instances could be shown of these pious men who by their teachings and by their own sinless example redeemed from a career of crime men of their own race.

It is so difficult even to-day, when the highest culture is supposed to be necessary for the equipment of a clergyman, to establish whether a man preaching the word of God is more effective when armed with logic, philosophy, and all the resources of art, than the simple brother who takes his text from the promptings of his own heart, and carries away his hearers by means of that most powerful of all motors, true human sympathy. Preachers do not learn from books how other men feel. That is something only gained by experience. Illiterate, then, as may have been most of these colored fathers of the past, they were admirably fitted for their surroundings. They taught the word of God as they understood it; and simple as it might have been, it was at once absorbed by the hearers. Suppose it was of an emotional kind? Would these field hands on the plantations, or cotton-press laborers, or draymen in the cities have taken away with them the faintest impression of the goodness of God had it been imparted to them in any other way? The faith of the colored man was limitless. Blessed are those who believe as do children, for then their troubles are so readily healed. Some great philosopher has said that religions were made for peculiar capacities; and what the colored fathers taught in their honest way was exactly adapted to the wants of their congregations.

But was there any true eloquence among these illiterate ones? There was much of it. The language had some little of the grotesque about it, but the words were musical. If hell was painted in its most fiery colorings, there never was so blissful a rest as that of their own special heaven. Life was toil, but the hereafter was one of joyful repose. The main points always dwelt upon were to be found in the commandments. Strict observance of them, punishment when there was the least deviation from them, was the every-day text. It may be said in defence of the South that all the stock stories of the past, rendering the old colored preacher ridiculous are of Northern origin. It might have been that thoroughly accustomed to the negro's ways there was nothing strange to the Southern man in the negro's manner of thought or method of expression. Mr. Reinhart in his sketch presents the negro preacher of the middle period, where the past and present overlap, as it were. The man holds the Psalter in his hand and reads the verse, and on the big velvet cushion before him lies his Bible. The head is broad and massive, the hair is grizzled. He intones the service well and clearly, with due reverence for the sacred words. His sacred calling is the pride of his life. He is not unconscious of its responsibilities. A man of sixty, he knows what was the condition of his race in the past, and what is to be expected of them in the future. Education must come to them as to the whites. But what will it profit his people unless religion and morality be their guides? Freedom is useless, he knows, unless all its responsibilities are understood.

In the United States, according to the information furnished by the Rev. Rufus L. Perry, the various religious sects to which the colored Christians belong are Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Catholics. There are fully 1,200,000 Baptists, and perhaps as many as 800,000 Methodists. The Catholics are in the minority, found mostly in Maryland and in Louisiana. To-day, due to that higher education, there are many colored men who fill the pulpit who preach to their brethren the words of God with elegance of diction, perfection of pronunciation, and who are thorough masters of theology. The more thorough are these leaders the more cultured ought to be the congregation; but whether this be the case, cannot be asserted. It is not to be expected that a colored church should present any features which do not find analogies in white churches.

THE FLAMINGO.

THE first time I ever saw a flamingo (for in captivity he need not be considered just now) he was lambent flame, and he emphasized himself with a flash and a whir as he scuttled upward, as would a rocket against a dark blue background. He was sky-high, going like a meteor, a long rifle shot above me. I was floating along in my boat on one of those nameless lagoons which erode the West Floridian coast. I was perfectly satisfied to witness a flamingo coruscation. I had waited so long to see a real flying conflagration! Shoot it? Had my fowling-piece possessed all long-range, life-destroying possibilities, I never would have pulled trigger. I just sat down in the boat and gazed at the rushing crimson and scudding scarlet, and as a reward, there came a second, a third, a fourth, and I counted sixteen flamingoes as they flared along. I watched and watched in the tropical crepuscule until the last shimmer of them faded out in the far distance.

Mark them? Of course I did. Where was the location? I might give it, and nearly correct, according to the Coast Survey chart, but it would do the reader no good. No "plumer" bent on bird murder shall ever

No. 1.—A Twelver.

know where it is. The fact is that with the most precise directions no one ever could find this haunt of the flamingo, because there are delusive horizons, vanishing islands one after the other, a hundred thousand of them, and tortuous channels between; and if there should happen to be a lusty norther in the Gulf this year, the track I threaded will be obliterated. As well tell how to promenade through the labyrinth. I must confess to having been something like his late Majesty of Bavaria, who had a special performance all for himself, for I never invited a soul on the yacht to look at flamingoes, but used to steal out of afternoons near sunset all alone, row three miles, wait for my flamboyant birds,

No. 2.—On one Leg.

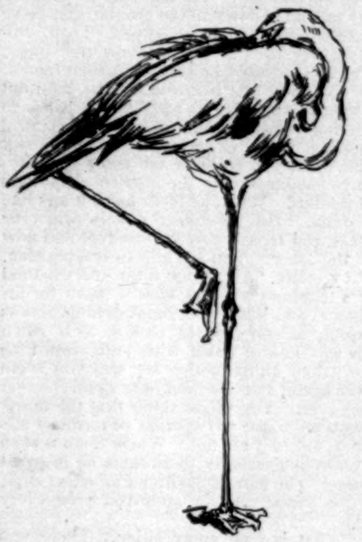
and they rarely failed to put in an appearance.

Now I am not ornithological. Just then I rather loathed the waders, because — because there was so precious little to eat on them. An enforced diet of herons of variously assorted colors gave but meagre sustentation. What can you pick off of birds having only long necks and attenuated legs? The real enthusiastic sportsman is he who hears his shot rattle into the broad, expansive, and substantial canvas-back. Then there is the certainty of a feast on the breast of the duck. I am not to be taxed with materialistic ideas, but if your stores had given out, and you were satiated with mullet, you had to eat birds for a change, nor could afford to turn up your nose at a sacred ibis. Heaven knows whether some of that yacht's crew would not have potted a flamingo—eaten it; and that was the reason why I never mentioned flamingo.

As I paddled to our camp I recalled the artistic treatment of the flamingo, and how cleverly Mr. John Tenniel had worked it up in *Alice in Wonderland*. I remembered the situation as Mr. Lewis Carroll recorded it. Alice for her game of croquet at the Queen's garden party wanted a mallet, and a convenient flamingo adjusted itself to Alice's requirements. But there were difficulties. "She succeeded in getting its body tucked away comfortably enough under her arms, with its legs hanging down, but generally just as she got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it would twist itself round and look up in her face with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out with laughing."

No. 3.—Head Down.

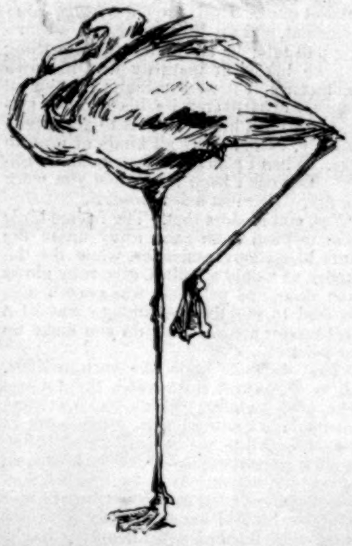
Those Floridian flamingoes flew through my mind for many a day. Enamored with the way the Japanese treat their birds in art, I hunted over their sketches to find a flamingo. Now and then I sighted a stork with a ruddy hue, but it was the reflected blaze of the sun that warmed up the bird and gave its glow to Fusiyama. I came then to this conclusion, that the Japanese artist was far too clever to try and paint something he never had seen, differing in that respect from many an ambitious craftsman not of his particular race. As far, however, as the Japanese go, they are delightful when modulating their bird poems. Show me in any other school such fluffy, downy creatures. They alone know how to make a bird alight on a branch as gently as would a snow-flake. Watch the vigor of their flights of storks, the arrowy, quivering necks, the tense legs. You hear



No. 4.

the flop and clatter of wings. When you come to the raptores—the eagles, the peregrine falcons—how brave and bold are the lines! how persistent the clutch of their hawks' talons! That most delightful of nature's essayists, Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, alone has the power with words to present the flounce, flutter, and flurry of birds, and outside of the Japanese there are not more than two artists, one American, the other English, who can draw them.

When Mr. Church said to me, in a rather deprecatory manner, "You don't know any-



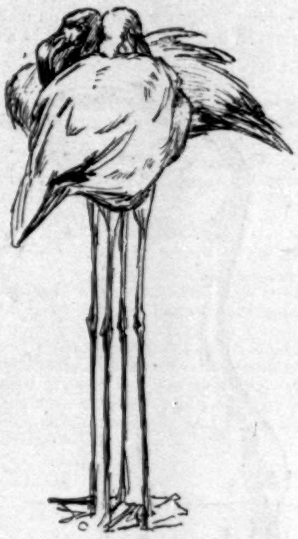
No. 5.

No. 6.

thing about flamingoes," and then, as if wearied with that want of sympathy the world exhibits toward other people's pet subjects, he added, "But it is not surprising."

"I have seen," I said, modestly enough, "real true-for-true flamingoes a-flying; and what is more, Mr. Church, I notice that you have a love for flamingoes, because every now and then you introduce them into your pictures."

"What!" said the artist, "is there to be



No. 7.—In Solemn Conclave.

found any one who cares for a flamingo other than in an ornithological sense, or stuffed and in a glass case? See—see!" And at once Mr. Church brought down from studio shelves a portfolio containing an endless variety of sketches of the flamingo.

"The flamingo is the unexpected," said Mr. Church, thoughtfully. "He can work himself into all imaginable postures."

"That arises from his having eighteen cervical vertebræ." I said this in an off-

"IDLERS."—From the Painting by F. S. Church, in the Collection of E. B. Greenshields.

hand, matter-of-fact manner, and to locate the joints, added, "All in the neck, you know."

Mr. Church looked at me stolidly, then remarked, slowly: "Oh, you are fresh from some book of comparative anatomy! I don't care whether the flamingo has anywhere about his person eighteen or eighteen hundred bits of jointed bone, that does not account for his making a twelver of himself, does it?" And Mr. Church pointed to a sketch.

"A twelver?"

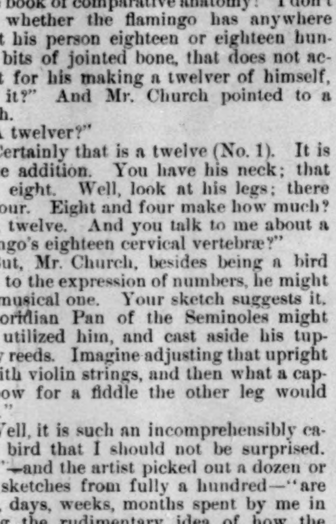
"Certainly that is a twelve (No. 1). It is simple addition. You have his neck; that is an eight. Well, look at his legs; there is a four. Eight and four make how much? Why, twelve. And you talk to me about a flamingo's eighteen cervical vertebræ?"

"But, Mr. Church, besides being a bird given to the expression of numbers, he might be a musical one. Your sketch suggests it. A Floridian Pan of the Seminoles might have utilized him, and cast aside his tuppenny reeds. Imagine adjusting that upright leg with violin strings, and then what a capital bow for a fiddle the other leg would make."

"Well, it is such an incomprehensibly capable bird that I should not be surprised. Here"—and the artist picked out a dozen or more sketches from fully a hundred—"are hours, days, weeks, months spent by me in getting the rudimentary idea of how the flamingo behaves himself at Central Park."

"Flamingo is long, life is short."

"If I were to use to the stump the entire output of Mr. Dixon's or Mr. Faber's factories, I never could get pencils enough to go all around a flamingo, even when in confinement. What he might do when free belongs to the unknown; the artistically incomprehensible. You remember there is a kind of puzzle you make for children. You dash off a whole lot of dots on a piece of paper, and then you draw lines and construct a figure uniting these points. Now you could go on making dots forever, and the flamingo would adapt



No. 8.—Feeding.

himself to any position. He is without limitation of outline, having some million or more ways of attitudinizing."

"Did not Dampier let off some very extraordinary yarns about the flamingo, and how the mother bird, bothered with too much leg, made her nest above high-water mark in a bush, and so straddled her eggs? And it sounded all true, because Dampier hitched on a moral tag to that ornithological kite."

"Oh yes!" said Mr. Church; "and it runs something in this way, 'Were it not for this admirable contriving, which they owe to natural instinct, there would be no little flamingoes.' I don't want Dampier made light of. He has my admiration because of the pains he took to study the flamingo. Look at this sketch (No. 2). It shows the superb balance of the bird. He is just as steady on that one pin as a dray-horse would be on his four legs. He looks like a hod without any Irishman to steady it. What I have studied is that wonderful muscle of the leg—a ligature of steel that holds up the bird in the correct line."

"Where is the other leg?"

"I am sure I don't know. I never saw it. I only drew what was there. Now with your cervical vertebræ, you are going to tell me that there is only one joint in the leg; but I have sometimes thought that through long practice the flamingo had developed several, for he can shut up his legs as if he were an animated penknife. Here is a direct view of him with his head down (No. 3). Why, I should grow gray getting through the beginnings only of that one-leg position. Look at that other leg, held akimbo, like a skater preparing for a grand flourish (No. 4). Akimbo! That is a bull, for it's the bird's neck that is his true arms. Here we are again on one leg; but note that pendulous leg, as if the bird were arranging for a kick; but it does not indicate preparation for violent action, not even for a mild scratch (No. 5). It just hangs loose that way. The next sketch is one of quasi-rest, but the eye is sharp enough. That long neck he coils up, and he lays his big head on his breast, and he steadies it between the front of his wing and the lower fold of his neck, and he will stay that way, if in the humor, for one second or one hour (No. 6). Here is a pair of birds in solemn conclave, discussing some annoyance, as the presence of other insignificant, intrusive, or vulgar birds (No. 7). What a dignified pose! What a vista of legs!"

"Of course you have seen them feed?"

"Certainly. They eat upside down. You notice the upper mandible, and that broken-nose appearance? The flamingo puts his upper mandible down to the ground, and being fixed it acts as would a dust-pan. Then, with the lower part of his bill, now the upper, which is movable, he shovels in such food as he finds into that pan, and he sifts it all out with his fat tongue (No. 8). What the flamingo has done is to have anticipated our mechanical dredge. There is nothing surprising about that when you consider the many beautiful ways combined with the intellectual powers of the bird. When he feeds he splutters like a duck. He absolutely dances when he dines, and teeters now on one foot and now on the other. You get him in one position, and you say, 'At last that is the exact method of a flamingo when he goes to work for his dinner,' and while you are sketching him as rapidly as you can, you look so as to catch the last line to finish with, and, presto! he has taken quite another set, and you begin over again, and over and over again for ever and ever. You might think that the movements were due to twistings or tortuous motions, but they are not. Where there is such wondrous flexibility there must be inherent grace. The flamingo without an effort slips, or he slides, into an approved pose every time."

"That is true appreciation. There was once a cat-painting Dutchman. He lived, ate, drank with his cats, and got ripple of cat's tail, scratch of puss's claws, and his pictures fairly purr."

"A noble nature had that painter," said Mr. Church, approvingly. "How otherwise could he have caught cat's subtle spirits? That was the only way for him to reach artistic perfection. Flamingo is my mystery—my puzzle. His anatomy tells me so little, and my pencil not much. Sometimes, when in an optimistic humor, I have flattered myself with the hope that I had come near his outline, but I shall have to study him many years more. It is not his colors that are so troublesome, though he varies them with the season. He does not put on that lovely scarlet at once. He is brownish at the commencement, and my theory about it is something like this: he is so resplendent a thing when he blazes at maturity that his own magnificence, if it were to burst on him all at once, might overexcite his nervous system, and so kill him. He has to get superb gradually. Oh, he has all kinds of protean tricks. When I paint him, I am bold to rashness. You can't keep cold when you work with fire. He must assert himself."

"Yes, and he does that. The frigate-birds in the tropical zone hang away up in the clouds like ebony crucifixes, while the flamingoes, as would aerolites, give ruby glows to the skies, and yet there was once a man who said to me that a flamingo was of a boiled-lobster color. How do you make up your palette?"

"That depends upon the surroundings, such as reflections from water, sky, foliage. Pinks, cream whites, yellows, and grays are, of course, the leading colors. This is about my palette: white, yellow ochre, gold ochre, cadmium, vermilion, light red, burnt-sienna, rose-madder, cobalt. It is as easy as that. The harmony of color can be had, but the melody of the bird—I am comparing color and outline with musical equivalents—is harder to catch. Strange, now, that the flamingo has two ardent admirers! I understand that there are flamingoes in abundance somewhere near Cape—"

"Permit me," I interrupted; "don't mention the name."

"Where the shore is as a bonfire, lined with these incandescent birds. Florida must be an artistic paradise."

"Yes; and undiscovered and neglected, waiting for the American artist who dares grapple with it; and I have been writing that over and over again, and no one heeds me."

"Long ago I satisfied my cravings to paint the flamingo, and you can see it in a picture of mine of 1887, called 'Idlers.' On the title-page of our catalogue of the American Water-color Society somewhat the same idea is repeated."

I hunted up a dealer in flamingoes who supplied Central Park with these birds. A bird dealer always must be a German, and his staple canaries.

"Any flamingoes?" I asked.

"Not a flamingo. All I have are taken on standing orders for foreign aviaries. We may have two or three dozen pairs in a year. They are generally Cuban, and of fine color. There are men who are regularly in the business. They tell me a colony of flamingoes always has one bird on the watch. The hunters go out on dark nights, and if they can only secure the picket bird, they get all the rest. We feed them on rice. Flamingo receipts in New York will not amount to more than fifty or sixty in the year. A good pair readily brings fifty dollars." And that ended flamingo, commercially considered.

"The flamingo?" said Mr. Conklin, the superintendent of the zoological collection at Central Park. "A lovely bird, but difficult to keep. A flamingo rarely survives our winter, no matter what are our precautions. They fade in captivity. They are sober birds, and do not indulge in fandangoes, like the storks. Ever see our storks foot it of a summer's night by the light of the moon? A real breakdown, double-shuffle, pigeon's-wing, change partners, with all the regulation dance steps in the jig or minuet. But it is beneath the dignity of a flamingo to indulge in any such trivialities. All nature wants of him is to stalk around and look red and superb. Go see Mr. Church; he knows all there is worth knowing about a flamingo."

"I have seen Mr. Church," I said.

"Then I can't tell you anything," concluded Mr. Conklin, as if a reference to Mr. Church had entirely exhausted the subject.

Barnet Phillips.

"THEM OXEN."

A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"La sakes! if theer ain't a yoke of oxen, sure's I'm born! The first I've seen this many a year. How like old times it does look to see 'em! I'll never fergit oxen—not the longest day I ever live, I won't; and 'specially them oxen what Ezekiel used to own. I might grow so old as to fergit my name, I s'pose, but I kin never fergit them oxen; no, never. Ezekiel raised 'em himself, and broke 'em in with his own hands; and if ever any man knowed how to break in oxen it was Ezekiel Meeks, even if I do say it myself. They was known fur and near, was them oxen, and there wa'n't another yoke in the whole county could compare with 'em at pullin'. Ezekiel he used to say they could move anything that was loose, and I believe they could too. You see, he had broke 'em in to do it. It was move or break with 'em, and it was 'most gen'ly move; but I once seen 'em split a yoke and walk right outen it when they was hitched to a tree at noonin' hour. It was wonderful the strength they did have. But they long ago went the way of all flesh, the same as poor Ezekiel himself, and I doubt if anybody recollects 'em but me.

"When Ezekiel Meeks first begun to pay attention to me, them oxen was just in their prime, and Ezekiel himself had just turned of age. I well recollect my father a-sayin' that if Zeke Meeks had as much thunder an' lightnin' in him as them oxen had, he was no fittin' match for me; and it was his opinion that he had. He was ruther 'posed to our makin' a go of it, father was, and when finally Ezekiel he had popped the question to me, and I had told him I was willin' if he could get father's consent, father he came right down flat on to all our hopes and plans with a big 'No!'

"That was in the spring, when farm-work was a-comin' on with a rush, and that was the last I seen of Ezekiel for a good while. But, bless you! I didn't feel a bit worried, for at our partin' Ezekiel he had simply allowed that we'd best wait a little, so I was sure it was all right, for Ezekiel he never said what he didn't mean. He went home, Ezekiel did, and went to work, and in a little time we heard he'd bought the farm next to his father's, and was settin' up for himself. Father he allowed as he'd never pay for it in the world; but one of the neighbors who had talked with Ezekiel, he said that Ezekiel allowed as them oxen had pulled everything he'd ever hitched 'em to yet, and he reckoned they could pull the mortgage offen that farm if they was given a fair chance. So Ezekiel he and his oxen they set to work; and, to speak in a figurey way, as good old Parson Dunlow used to call it, the whole township got up onto the fence to watch him and see how he'd make it go.

"The next fall father he set about movin' his barn. You see, it had faced 'most north, and the front had been too much exposed to the hard snows, and father he thought it would be a sight better to have it face south. So, as I say, he set about movin' it. 'Lias Brown he had lent his oxen for a day when all was ready, and what with father's yoke, too, they thought they'd have no trouble. Father he hadn't said so, he was too spunky for that, but me and mother we both knowed well enough that he'd liked to of had Ezekiel's yoke the worst way. Well, they set to work, and they got the barn around all right all but about a quarter turn, and there it stuck. They tried and tried, but it was of no use, and at last 'Lias he allowed it couldn't be got around any further 'thout more help.

"'If I was you, squaire,' says he, 'I'd go over and git Zeke Meeks's yoke.'

"'No; I wouldn't do it,' says father, 'not if I had to let the old barn stand right here.'

"'You can't git 'ary other yoke 'ithin six miles,' says 'Lias.

"'Then we won't move it anuther eench,' says father.

"But he didn't quite mean that, for the barn had to be set straight, now that the work had been begun; so, after a good deal of blowin' and stormin' around, father he finally sets off to get Ezekiel and them oxen.

"'Zeke,' says father, 'my barn is stuck so's we can't budge it, and I want you to come over with them oxen of yourn, and help pull it around.'

"'Squaire Runson,' says Ezekiel, slow and easy like, 'kin I have Keziah?' meanin' me. 'Cause if I can't,' says he, 'my oxen can't move your barn.'

"'By dad!' says father—and that was as good as a bond in blood with him—'by dad! Zeke Meeks,' says he, 'if them oxen of yourn kin move my barn alone, you *kin* have Keziah.'

"'Then they'll move it, squaire,' says Ezekiel, 'if it 'ain't took to root.'

"So Ezekiel he came over with his oxen, with the biggest yoke and the strongest chain he had, and he hitched 'em fast to a corner of the old barn. Me and mother we went out to look on, of course, and I did hope and pray that them oxen would do theirselves proud then if they ever had. Well, Ezekiel he made sure everything was all right, and then he took his place at the head of his yoke, on the left side as always, with his gad in hand, and gave the word for them oxen to start. As good old Parson Dunlow used to say in his preachin', it was a most critical period. Them oxen leaned for'd till they had the chain drawed tight, and then they bent to and pulled. La sakes! how they did pull! I kin see 'em this minute. They just dug in their hoofs, bent their backs, and strained every narve, and I really do believe my heart stopped beatin' 'twixt my hopes and my fears. 'Hoy!' says Ezekiel—'hoy!' and he touched 'em with his gad. And then *how* they did pull! Their eyes bulged, their tails straightened out like pump handles, and you could fairly hear their bones a-crackin'. And my hopes begun to sink, when the old barn didn't even budge. But I didn't know what them oxen *could* do. 'Hoy!' says Ezekiel again—'hoy!' They was pullin' together like they was one critter, not givin' a hair's-breadth of slack, and somethin' begun to creak. '*Hoy!*' says Ezekiel, just once more, and that time told the story. Them oxen seemed to double right up; their noses touched the ground; they fairly groaned; and I reckon that effort would have been the last, but the creakin' suddenly growed louder, and then the old barn gave a lurch, and them oxen walked away with it.

"Well, father he was never no hand to swear much, but that time he clapped his hand down onto his leg and he said, said he, he'd be *goshed* if he'd ever seen the like! And Ezekiel, when them oxen had pulled the barn to where it was wanted, he comes to me and takes me by the hands, and he says, says he, 'Keziah, you are mine; them oxen has won ye!' I had never felt so proud in my life. And father, as he was a man of his word, he allowed that it was a fair dicker, and he wouldn't back out.

"No; we wasn't married right away. Ezekiel he allowed we had better wait till winter, seein' as we had waited so long, and by that time he would have the house on his own place all fixed up, and ready for us to go right to house-keepin' in; and so it was settled that we wasn't to be married till the January a-comin'. But the time soon passed, and almost afore I knowed it my weddin'-day was at hand. And it was a time I'll never fergit—not the longest day I ever live—the same as I'll never fergit them oxen. I suppose nobody ever fergits their weddin'-day; but be that as it may, I know I'll never fergit mine; and while I kin recall that day, I'll never fail to recollect them oxen. It was them that took us over to Parson Dunlow's little old log meetin'-house at Munson's Corners, where we was yoked for life.

"Munson's Corners was a good three miles from our place, and on a cold night it was considerable of a long ride; and that weddin' night of ours was the coldest night that blowed that winter, as I really do believe. But we had a big party in the sled, and so we managed to keep tol'ably warm. Yes, we went over in Ezekiel's sled, all of us. There was his father and mother and mine made four; and Ezekiel's sister Prudence, she made five; and his brother Joshua, he made six; and Joshua's wife, she made seven; and her sister Experience was eight; then my two sisters, they made ten; and my sister Charity's husband, he was eleven; and Ezekiel and me, we made thirteen. It was a onlucky number, so father said, but we just filled the sled body right up, and by settin' down flat on the bottom in the straw, we managed to keep tol'ably warm, as I said.

"Father he joked with Ezekiel, sayin' he didn't believe them oxen could ever tote us all up Jimson's Hill; but Ezekiel he allowed they could, and of course they did. This Jimson's Hill was long and steep, and right at the top of it was Munson's Corners, while just a little this side of the Corners stood the old log meetin'-house. Parson Dunlow was holdin' p'tracted meetin's at that time, and long afore we got to the top of the hill we could hear Deacon Wilburt's loud 'Amen!' and Squaire Munson's ringin' 'Hallelujah!' We knowed these meetin's was goin' on, of course, for everybody knowed it. Ezekiel and me we had talked matters all over, and we had made up our minds that the day of our bein' made one on earth should be also the day of our bein' made one in the Lord; and Ezekiel he had seen Parson Dunlow, and it was all arranged when our weddin' was to be.

"Well, we got to the top of the hill after a long hard pull, and Ezekiel he drove to the door of the meetin'-house and let us out; and we all hurried in out of the cold, while he attended to makin' them oxen fast somewheres so's they couldn't get away. The place was about full when we went in, but room was made for us at the stove so's we could warm our noses a little afore we took seats; and by the time we had warmed ourselves Ezekiel he came in, and when he'd warmed his fingers, we found places and sot down. The meetin' was goin' right on dur-

in' this time, and they was singin' and shoutin' in that good old way that we never hear nowadays. Father he was called on to pray, and so was Ezekiel's father, they both bein' pillars of the temple; and finally, when the proper time had come, Parson Dunlow made some remarks about havin' a couple to unite in holy wedlock—to use his own words—and then he calls for Ezekiel and me to come for'd.

"We went up, Ezekiel lookin' as red as a beet, and me feelin' about the same, and there, in the presence of everybody, we was yoked together for life, promisin' to love and cherish till death, which, I'm proud to say, we carried out to the letter. And then, when it was all done, Parson Dunlow he takes us by the hands, and he says, says he, 'My children'—them was his words, as I'll recollect the longest day I ever live, the same as I'll recollect them oxen—'my children,' says he, 'you have now started upon a new walk in life. You have taken upon yourselves the gravest responsibilities of earth. Upon you depends the fitting for heaven or hell of future generations. Will you not, at this critical period—at this critical period,' says he, 'put yourselves into the hands of the Lord, to walk with Him all the days of your lives?' And then Ezekiel he speaks up, and he says, says he, 'Parson Dunlow, that is what we've made up our minds to do.' And at that Parson Dunlow he shouts, 'Praise the Lord!' and Deacon Wilburt he hollers 'Amen!' while Squaire Munson he let out his ringin' 'Hallelujah!'

"Havin' our minds made up to it, Ezekiel and me we kneeled down at the mourners' bench, and there was soon a good many more with us, for Parson Dunlow he just let himself out and preached his best, usin' me and Ezekiel for his text in a figurey way, and the loud amens and the ringin' hallelujahs was heard all the while. You never heard such a time, for they don't have such times nowadays, as I said. There was a many a soul borned into the Kingdom that night, and Ezekiel and me we found acceptance with the Lord, and experienced for ourselves that peace that passeth knowledge. But I ain't a-comin' to the p'int. The meetin' was at white-heat, to speak figurey again, and everybody who had experienced salvation was a-shoutin' and a-singin', and everybody who hadn't was a-groanin' and a-sighin', when all of a suddent somethin' happened. Deacon Wilburt he was a-prayin', and such a prayer! It seemed as if he had laid hold upon the very battlements of the heavenly city, as Parson Dunlow said sometimes. He was pleadin' for more and more power, though for the life of me I couldn't see what was to become of us if we got any fuller than we was then. 'Send us a *shower* of blessin's, Lord!' he shouted. 'Let us see the real Pentecostal *fires!*' he hollered. 'Let us hear the rushin' sound from heaven, and feel—' But that was as fur as he got, for just then, and all of a suddent, as I said, somethin' happened. That little old log meetin'-house was felt to move—actually *move*. And not only once, nor even twice, but it kept *on* movin'. It was a jerky, thumpy, rocky motion, as though it was disturbed by some mighty tremblin' of the ground itself.

"If there had been shoutin' before, it wasn't to be compared to the shoutin' there was then. You couldn't hear for the noise they made. 'Praise the Lord!' cried good old Parson Dunlow, and 'Amen!' hollered Deacon Wilburt, and 'Hallelujah!' was Squaire Munson's ringin' shout; but Ezekiel he just jumps up, a-gaspin', '*Them oxen!*' and he made for the door just as fast as ever he could. But the door had got jammed so's it couldn't be opened, and he couldn't get out. And there we all was, in that rockin' and tremblin' little old log meetin'-house, amidst the shoutin', and the singin', and the groanin', and the sighin', and the loud amens, and the ringin' hallelujahs; and the mourners' bench—it wasn't half big enough to 'commodate the suddent demand for places. And still that jerky, thumpy, rocky motion kept on, till the people they begun to get frightened half out of their wits. The women screamed and the children cried, and I do believe it must have been like a pandemonium, a thing Parson Dunlow used to mention sometimes, though I never seen one nor rightly knowed what it was; till at last Deacon Wilburt, more or less scart himself, and I guess more, he jumps up on to a seat and hollers, 'Enough! *enough!* Stay thy hand, Lord, or we *perish!*' And just then there was a extra hard thump, and the deacon went sprawling heels over head into the crowd around the mourners' bench, while a good many more was knocked down by the same shock, and then the motion stopped as suddently as it had begun. That final shock had loosened the door too, and Ezekiel he rushed out, a good many more a-follerin' him, and, bless me, if Parson Dunlow's little old log meetin'-house wasn't clear down to the foot of Jimson's Hill! You see, Ezekiel he had chained them oxen fast to the bottom log at the back of the buildin', never once thinkin' they'd walk off with it, and the loud shoutin' must hev started 'em.

"No, I kin never fergit oxen, not the longest day I ever live, and 'specially them oxen of Ezekiel's, though, as I said afore, they has long since went the way of all flesh, the same as poor Ezekiel himself has went. Ezekiel he has gone to his reward, and I know that I must soon foller on. He fought the good fight, he finished his course, he won the crown, and I know that I shall soon meet him on that bright shore beyond the swellin' flood, where—I don't know as it's so, but sometimes I fancy it's just possible—where he is happy forever with them oxen."

J. C. COWDRICK.

FORGOTTEN GOD'S-ACRES.

IN nearly all the cities of the Old World the cemeteries are sacred. Years and even centuries pass, the city to which they belong, and in whose suburbs they once were, grows around and beyond them, but they remain intact. It is very different in the New World. A graveyard is opened to-day with all the *éclat* with which Americans greet every event from a marriage to an execution. The next generation finds it unfashionable and repulsive in appearance; the next tears off a section for streets and building lots, while the third appropriates it entirely to trade. If on the map of New York all the sites once occupied by burial-grounds were distinctively colored, the average citizen would be astonished to find that hundreds of acres now covered by great buildings or converted into magnificent thoroughfares were some time dedicated to the dead, and that at least ninety cemeteries have gone through the same career of birth, growth, decay, and death as the legion of men and women for whom they were set apart. The intense pressure of life and commerce in the metropolis leaves little or no room for sentiment. The moment a graveyard falls into desuetude, and the land it occupies becomes of high value, the trade spirit leaves naught undone to add the little realty to its own vast territory. Most readers will recall the quiet and sleepy burial-ground on Fulton Street, not far from Nassau. It had been there longer than the oldest burgher could recall; but almost in a night the green and white oasis vanished, and was an ungainly pile of iron, brick, stone, and plate-glass. But how many readers can remember the burial-ground where once stood the old Post-office, or those on John Street, on Maiden Lane, on Frankfort Street near Gold, or still further back on the river-front not far from Burling Slip?

This process of absorption is so definite and intelligible that an excellent history of the growth of the Empire City could be written from the rise and fall of the cemeteries within and beyond its borders.

While in most instances the decay and disappearance of graveyards are rapid, yet here and there, from changes in the movements of population, or the evolution of new industries, they become slow and hardly noticeable. In these cases there is ever an element of pathos. The hallowed ground, once so well cared for and beautiful, becomes neglected and ruinous. The fences rust or rot, and fall in; the walks become walls of weeds and briers; the tombstones and monuments gradually lean and topple until they break and fall; the rain and frost level mound and hollow into a dull uniformity which they break in turn with stagnant pools, or yawning holes and crevices; birds and homeless cats and curs replace its human visitors; and last of all it becomes the dust heap of its neighborhood.

No better illustration of this sombre deterioration can be found than the old Jewish cemetery on the New Bowery, at Chatham Square. Nearly one hundred and seventy years ago the Hebrews, then numerous enough on Manhattan Island to form a perceptible factor in the population, applied to the Governor of New Amsterdam for sufficient land to make a graveyard for the members of their faith.

Even in those tolerant Dutch days there appears to have been some of that wicked "anti-semitismus" which crops out so often in the history of Christendom, as permission was twice refused, upon the most trivial pretext, by the authorities. In 1729 the requisite permit was issued by the officials. Thereupon a wealthy Portuguese Jew, Louis Gomez, made a gift of a tract of land 392 feet long by 56 or 156 wide for burial purposes to the Congregation Shearith (?) Israel. The donor must have had a clear idea of the future value of real estate in Gotham, for although the plot was then far outside of the city limits, and situated on the verge of the marsh which in after-years was to become the Five Points, he compelled the trustees of the synagogue to give a covenant whereby they bound themselves in one thousand pounds sterling to never sell or otherwise dispose of the property. The burying-ground thus established was kept in model order at least until the Revolution. That it was well loved by the first Jewish church in the United States is evinced by the fact that in 1755, when what is now called Madison Street was laid, the place was enlarged and extended to the house-line of that thoroughfare. With the Revolution there ensued a change. The growth of population was moving toward the north along the lines of Broadway and the Bowery, and was rapidly filling up the unoccupied lands around the graveyard.

Few if any changes occurred from this time, about 1786, for over thirty years. During this period the Hebrew citizens had prospered greatly, and increased in numbers. Their leading men had moved uptown to more fashionable neighborhoods. New congregations had started new and handsomer graveyards. Fashion—and there is as much fashion in burials as in everything else—now discountenanced the old cemetery, which soon began to show every sign of neglect and decay. In 1823 it was in such bad condition that the synagogue applied to the courts for leave to sell a large part of the land, in order to put the remainder into good order. After considerable trouble, on account of the covenant with Gomez, the legal sanction was obtained, and the land sold for $15,000 to the Tradesmen's Bank. In 1829 there was the same trouble, the same expedient, and a similar sale of another large fragment. The following year the Bowery was extended, taking away still more. This settled the fate of the graveyard, then just a century old. All who could afford it or cared so to do removed the remains and monuments of their dead kindred or friends to a large cemetery then far uptown, but of which only a fragment now exists on Twenty-first Street near Sixth Avenue. All that was left was a piece of land about one hundred and ten feet deep and fifty wide, in which are a hundred tombs and an unknown number of the dead. To-day the place is utter desolation. The pressure of the city is so great that even the grass and weeds have a struggle for existence. Rusty cans and broken boxes, scraps of paper and rags, worn-out shoes and shreds of clothing, the débris and refuse of civilization, cover almost everything. The few tombs are ruins, the inscriptions are illegible, and no one enters its precincts but the tramp and the street Arab. It is a truly forgotten God's-acre.

Another Jewish cemetery, no larger than what is left of the one in the New Bowery, is located on the south side of Eighty-fifth Street, near Fourth Avenue. It is surrounded by a wall in poor repair, but through the gate that is occasionally left open there may be glimpses caught of a multitude of small tombstones. All are small and unimposing, and all the inscriptions are in Hebrew. It seems unlikely that this spot will remain long free from the encroachments of the builders of cheap homes. Already the débris of the workmen has fallen over the walls as buildings have gone up on three sides. Here are laid some of the bones that have been removed from time to time from the older cemetery on New Bowery.

To still another ground where they have not lain undisturbed have remains been moved from the New Bowery ground. Sixty years ago the Hebrews, finding they could not guard the older cemetery, obtained another in Twenty-first Street near Sixth Avenue. Hither they moved many coffins, and it seemed for a time that this resting-place would be final. To-day it is abutted by a huge dry-goods store on three sides, and by other buildings and back yards, so that it seems swallowed up in the city. Here all the inscriptions are also of Hebrew, and on many of them is graven a device of two hands upheld with the palms outward, and the thumbs joined. No prominent or handsome monuments have been erected here, and the same appearance of neglect and decay is painfully apparent.

One of the strange-looking resting-places in which the forgotten dead still lie, oblivious and undisturbed, is the plot in Second Street, two or three minutes' walk from the Bowery. It, like most of the other places of the kind in the city that are not yet encroached upon by eager builders, is entirely bare of ornamentation, and seems a cheerless, desolate spot enough. The space of a dozen or so of city lots is surrounded on three sides by the rear and side walls of tenement-houses, and more or less rubbish is strewn among the tombstones. The bustle of a populous German quarter stirs the air around it, until it seems impossible that the dead can rest in peace.

Yet even here there have been within a dozen years two or three or more interments, permits having been granted under exceptional circumstances. A large part of this cemetery is taken up by vaults belonging to families prominent enough in their day, but almost forgotten of New-Yorkers now. And now and again some survivor of a decayed stock is laid with his father in the old vaults. Whether the swelling tide of increasing population shall wash away this little island is impossible to say now, but as it has remained so long, and as the march of trade seems to be away from rather than toward it perhaps it will remain. It is not and never was a sectarian ground, but was set apart by the city government more than a hundred years ago for a public cemetery, and was in its day "fashionable."

THE OLD STUMP AND THE NEW.

YANKEE DOODLE. YANKEE BOODLE.

FARMING.

XI.

MY potato crop proved a failure, which, unlike many a commercial failure, put nothing in my pocket except my hand, which went deep enough to gather the necessary coin for the purchase of a bushel or two from a neighbor, who modelled in clay many a hill and furrow, and was, figuratively speaking, the architect of his own misfortunes. He was obliged to accept fifty cents per bushel for them, owing to the fact that it was what is technically known as a good potato year—for all but me—and because he had just paid forty dollars for a sulky rake that cost the manufacturer about six dollars and a half to put on the market.

"What difference does it make, anyhow?" asked Phillada, whose smile was the condensed milk of human kindness. "You know when the crop is bountiful, it yields little or nothing."

"It is even so," I replied. "The only time a high price is paid for vegetables is when you have none to offer; or, to put it into the form of an Irish argument, the only time a crop is profitable is when it is a failure."

"That is the time it is profitable for the farmer," broke in Mr. Van Sickle. "But the city retailer charges as much for potatoes purchased at fifty cents per bushel as he does when they cost him a dollar. The great drawback of farming is that the farmer pays the highest price for everything he uses, and is obliged to take for his own produce whatever the dealer chooses to give him."

The most level-headed farmer Mr. Van Sickle ever knew was one who had a farm bordering on a salt-water bay. If his crops failed, it made little difference to him, because he could live on wild-ducks and fish. He never took fish to the market to sell, because he well knew that he would have to accept the first offer or have the fish spoil on his boat. He would allow the fish to swim about and enjoy themselves and keep up a marketable freshness, and would not attempt to catch them until after he had concluded a cast-iron contract with some dealer. But as sharp as he was, he furnished a summer boarding-house with butter until it was his debtor to the extent of two hundred dollars. At the close of the season the proprietor melted softly away with the summer's silken butterfly, and the farmer had to seek fresh fields and pastures new to secure a like amount to pay for the fertilizer used on the potatoes that never developed into a crop.

Having purchased my potatoes for fifty cents per bushel, it began to strike me that the best way to farm is to purchase one's produce, and permit some more ambitious person to do the farming. I began also to see, and very plainly, that the proper way to farm is not to take the thing too seriously; to treat it as a joke, and anticipate nothing but failure. I determined to adopt this system as far as possible, and not to care if my curly cabbages curled themselves up into bunches of railroad cigars, to be gathered like so many bunches of bananas.

This feeling was only increased when the servant-girl left rather abruptly, on the ground that she could not stand the humdrum of the country. She longed for the giddy vortex of metropolitan life with the frenzied thirst of a society queen. She left early in the morning by the first train, and in her great hurry forgot to take any of our silver spoons along. This servant-girl question in the country was even more vexatious than in the city. It used to cost something like five dollars to get one out to Dove's Nest and duly sworn in. She would stay about five days, demand her pay to date, at which time she would depart with an alacrity never displayed in the performance of her culinary functions.

It seemed very strange to me that a servant-girl should not like the country during the summer, but I was forced to conclude that it was owing to her lack of polite education. Were she educated she would have resources, she would be able to read Tennyson, and thus pass the time pleasantly and profitably when not scrubbing; or she could walk about and enjoy the spiritual beauty of nature, and, enchanted by its subtle charms, go into tender rhapsodies of thought, and feel the mystic poetry though she could not make it burn and live on canvas. In such a mental condition she could experience enjoyment in every shrub and flower, and not be perpetually burning with that morbid yearning that only finds relief in a moonlight excursion or a circus pageant. But the higher-education-of-women question remains unanswered until the servant-girl is sufficiently educated to realize that there may be serene happiness and content in a region where all is solitude and rest, even when the crop dries up and withers away, and nothing that you succeed in raising compares favorably with its description in the seed catalogue.

To tell the truth, we were obliged to do all the work that was done about the place. I had never labored so hard for a salary as I worked on the farm for nothing but the anguish and humiliation of defeat.

"And I am getting hands like an ancient mariner," I remarked, as I held those gnarled members up for inspection.

"And we are getting no money out of it into the bargain," said Phillada.

"Money is not everything," I remarked, by way of consolation.

"It may not be everything," she replied, philosophically, as she observed a neighbor step softly up behind the corn crib, and smiling, partake of our wood-pile—"it may not be everything, but it is just about ninety-nine per cent. of everything."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A HIGH IDEAL.

I READ a tale which seemed to be
Fresh from the land of Arcadie—
A tale of happiness and joy,
Of perfect love without alloy.

And those who once the story read,
Read it again and, smiling, said
It was too sweet, too high to be
A story of reality.

But as for me Love's golden gleam
Has touched my heart; I like to dream
That in this common world we know
The course of love may happen so.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE WAY MADE CLEAR.

ONE of the most serious obstacles to success in the way of man is planted right in the middle of the road to health. How to restore and to maintain a regular habit of body and digestion is too often a source of needless and, unhappily, of vain inquiry. It is not necessary to inveigh against drastic purgatives. They who have used them continuously know the consequence. A remedy which unites the action of a regulating medicine for the bowels with that of a tonic both for those organs, the liver, and the stomach, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sanctioned by the best medical authority, and receiving daily the endorsement of our fellow-countrymen. With this effectual, though gentle, laxative at hand, it is possible to defy those changes of temperature productive of constipation, as well as constitutional attacks of biliousness, which beset even people naturally healthy. Malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney troubles are remedied and prevented by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

THE POPULAR GAME HALMA is for sale everywhere, or will be sent free to any address upon receipt of one dollar. E. I. HORSMAN, 80 and 82 William Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I will mail free on application my treatise on Catarrh and Throat Diseases. DR. BURNHAM, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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EXTERIOR OF THE COTTON EXCHANGE.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.

THE NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

AT the New York Cotton Exchange the sales of spot cotton in the business year ending May 1, 1890, aggregated 315,443 bales, against 428,024 in 1889, and 270,917 in 1888. For future delivery the transactions amounted to 21,084,100 bales, against 20,184,400 in 1889, and 28,924,400 in 1888.

These figures indicate but a small portion of the world's crop of cotton. What this was in 1889 is largely matter of conjecture. Add to the 3,437,408,499 pounds produced in the United States of America the 803,580,000 pounds yielded by 13,393,000 acres under cotton cultivation in India, and 297,160,000 pounds from the 874,000 acres devoted to it in Egypt, and the resulting total is 4,538,148,499 pounds. So far all is statistical. Add to this sum between 5,000,000,000 and 6,000,000,000 pounds, estimated by the best authorities as the aggregate yield of Africa, China, and other sections of the globe, and the grand whole is not less than 10,000,000,000 pounds.

When or where cotton—the down or fine cellular hair attached to the seeds of plants of the genus *Gossypium*, natural order *Malvaceæ*—was first cultivated for spinning and weaving into garments for human beings is a question of more curiosity than value. Invention of spinning and weaving was ascribed by the Egyptians to Isis, by Pliny to Queen Semiramis, and by the Peruvians to Manco Capac. The fact is that universal need sets universal wits to work in order to devise the means of supply. Individuals improve upon prior inventions, and gradually approximate the perfection of instruments.

Herodotus, father of secular history, was the first of all European writers to mention cotton, and this about 450 B.C. Even then the beautiful cotton fabrics of India, delicate and translucent, and fine as gossamer webs, manufactured from the *Gossypium herbaceum*, were valued as highly as the fine linen of Egypt. Dacca muslins were poetically known as "webs of woven wind." Greeks, Romans, Phœnicians, and Orientals delighted in these and other semitransparent robes. In the seventh century the Chinese cultivated the cotton-plant for its flowers, but not until the thirteenth for its flocculent fibre. Now the annual production is said to exceed 12,000,000 American bales. In Africa cotton has been raised and woven from time immemorial. Lord Palmerston predicted that it would yet supply Europe. Columbus found cotton in use among the natives of Hispaniola, and Cortez among the Mexicans. It is an intertropical plant, and is best cultivated by intertropical races, although apparently intended to furnish the inhabitants of all the zones with the most comfortable portion of their clothing.

In 1519, Magellan, the circumnavigator, found the Brazilians using this "vegetable down" in making their beds. Pepys's *Diary* in 1664 records the dispute between Sir Martin Noel and the East India Company, "whether calico be *linen* or no which he says it is, having been ever returned so. They say it is made of *cotton-wool* and *grows upon trees*" (*Gossypium arboreum*). The argument, however, did not hinder importation of cotton, which rose to 1,976,359 pounds in 1697, 2,976,610 pounds in 1751, 6,766,613 pounds in 1776—chiefly from the West Indies and South America; 9,735,663 pounds in 1783, 32,800,000 pounds in 1787—principally from the West Indies, French, Dutch, and Portuguese colonies, and Turkey; 729,643 pounds entered from India in 1793. Total imports in 1820 amounted to 151,672,655 pounds. Egypt was then added to the list of producing countries, its product being second in quality only to the Sea Island of the United States. In 1831 British imports of cotton aggregated 288,674,853 pounds. Sierra Leone was laid under contribution in 1852. In 1857, when the "coming events" of the civil war in the United States "cast their shadows before," the Cotton Supply Association of Great Britain was established to inquire whether an increased supply of cotton from other countries could be obtained, thus lessening dependence upon the United States. In 1859 it had extended operations over thirty-five different countries, including India, Australia, Central and South America, the West Indies, and various portions of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Need of this was pressing, for out of 2,829,000 bales of cotton imported, 2,086,000 were from the great republic. Success so far attended enterprise in India that the import therefrom in 1866 reached the total of 1,847,760 bales, of the value of £25,270,547. Since then the annual import has receded to something over 1,000,000 bales. The value of raw cotton from all quarters imported into Great Britain—the largest consumer of the raw material—in 1887 was £39,897,316, and in 1888 was £39,400,676.

History repeats the rumor that in 1536 the cotton-plant was discovered by De Vica in Louisiana and Texas. What is well authenticated is that some colonists from Barbadoes, who settled on the Cape Fear River, North Carolina, in 1664, brought cotton seed with them, and planted it for domestic purposes. The mother of General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, when Miss Lucas, spoke in her journal of the pains she had taken to bring cotton to perfection in South Carolina. Its cultivation was greatly stimulated by the invention of Dubreuil's cotton-gin in 1742. Seven bags, valued at about $125, were exported from Charleston between November, 1747, and November, 1748. Fresh impulse to cotton production was imparted by the introduction of the roller-gin for separating the fibre from the seed before the Revolution. The invention of the saw-gin by Whitney in 1793 inaugurated an era of splendid prosperity both in culture and manufactures.

Not until after the Revolution was cotton raised for export. E. J. Donnell, in his *History of Cotton*, states that in 1784 an American ship which had conveyed eight bags of cotton into Liverpool was seized on the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in the United States. This illusion was slowly dispelled by the consecutive arrival of American cotton in quantities of 14, 6, 109, 389, 842, and 81 bags—1441 in all—each weighing 150 pounds, within the next six years.

The green-seed, or short staple, cotton (*Gossypium hirsutum*) was principally cultivated before the Revolution. Then came the tawny, or gray-seed, probably of Mexican origin. The black-seed, or Sea Island, cotton (*Gossypium barbadense*) was introduced into Georgia from the Bahamas about the year 1786, when James Madison said at the Annapolis Convention that there was no reason to doubt that the United States would one day become a great cotton-producing country. Great Britain, however, desired none of the product, for in 1792 the twelfth article of the treaty negotiated with Minister John Jay stipulated that no cotton should be imported from America. The United States Senate wisely refused to ratify this provision. In 1795—thanks to Whitney's cotton-gin—the exports of American cotton were 6,000,000 pounds, and in 1801, 20,000,000. Negro labor was exactly suited to the culture of cotton, and American genius no less exactly suited to direct the labor. This is also true of the present time, when the wonderful adaptation of the South—with its climate, coal, water-power, abundance of food, and plentiful white and colored labor—to manufacturing purposes is daily becoming more obvious.

The yield of cotton in the United States

rose, in round numbers, gradually but rapidly from 40,000,000 pounds in 1801 to 80,000,000 in 1811, and from 170,000,000 pounds in 1821 to 1,684,000 bales—of which 936,000 were exported to Great Britain—in the season of 1841-2; thence to 4,861,000 bales in 1859-60, of which Great Britain received 2,669,000. No accurate record of cotton movements was kept during the civil war. Liverpool reported the receipt of 72,000 bales from the United States in 1862, 132,000 in 1863, 198,000 in 1864, 462,000 in 1865, 1,163,000 in 1866, and the maximum of 2,886,000, bales in the season of 1882-3. In the season of 1865-6 the crop was 2,278,000 bales, of which 1,262,000 went to Great Britain; in that of 1889-90, according to Shepperson's *Cotton Facts*, the crop in round numbers was 7,262,000 bales, with average net weight of 450 pounds per bale, or 3,267,900,000 pounds. The *Statistical Abstract of the United States* for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, returns the yield at 6,935,082 bales, averaging 465 pounds per bale, or 3,437,408,499 pounds, with farm value of $292,139,209, of which 1,456,407,552 pounds went to England, and 13,992,515 pounds to Scotland, 41,259 bales were sent to Mexico, and 1,884,741 to the continent of Europe; 1,060,376,910 pounds, or 30.78 per cent. of the entire yield, were retained for home manufacture and consumption; 7,973,039 pounds of cotton were imported, principally from Egypt *viâ* England, to be manufactured into thread, laces, and other fabrics requiring long staple, by Clark & Co., Auchincloss & Co., and other firms. A small quantity of cotton, mainly *in transitu*, arrived from the West Indies. Cotton, although no longer imperial, is still one of the most regal elements in the foreign commerce of the country. While the crop of 1889 was the largest on record, the indications are that it will be exceeded by that of 1890.

New York had been a great cotton mart for many years when the war of secession broke out in 1861, but it was only during the progress and after the close of that terrible struggle that its transactions rose to predominant distinction among those of the great cotton centres of the Western hemisphere. The moot question then was whether the abolition of slavery and total change in the labor system involved restriction of remunerative cotton culture. Foreign rivals believed, or affected to believe, that it did; but American enterprise was confident of the contrary. Southern energy returned to its old channels with concentrated force, and speedily made it clear to the dullest and most prejudiced that for centuries to come the largest yield of the great commercial staple will be from its fertile and sunny fields.

The first attempt to found a Cotton Exchange in the metropolis was made in the year 1868, when the New York Board of Cotton Brokers was established. Membership was small and strictly professional. Demands of the trade were not satisfied, and renewed agitation was the natural sequence. Organization and habitation were both needed. Venetian merchants had the first, but their assemblies were held upon a bridge. Liverpool brokers also have the organization, but it is peripatetic, homeless, and "on the flags." New York must have both.

The New York Cotton Exchange of one hundred members, organized August 15, 1870, by the election of Stephen D. Harrison as president, with a full staff of officers and Board of Managers, and occupying from September 1, 1870, to May 4, 1872, the since demolished building at 142 Pearl Street, was the creation of commercial necessity. Cotton merchants saw that their rules of trade must acquire fixedness, and that in union was strength and profit. Results vindicated the wisdom of the step. Domestic and foreign politics were weighed as factors in the market. Contingencies of peace or war were discussed as in the halls of legislation. Climate and season, epidemics and panics, legislative and scientific reports, were subjects of study and influential upon action. The Exchange Room, 23 by 100 feet, was practically a university in which narrowness expanded into breadth, self-control rose superior to excitement, reserved force grappled with unforeseen emergencies, and sorely tried honor rode safely at the anchor of immovable faithfulness. Candor, sympathy, and kindliness grow amid such associations, and characterize the bustling, striving members thereof.

What is true of the first trysting-place is no less true of the second in Hanover Square, where, in a room 70 by 40 feet, the Exchange met from May 4, 1872, to April 29, 1885; and of the third, whither, on Thursday, April 30, 1885, it migrated with music and ceremony to the magnificent quarters, 108 by 71 feet, now in use. The erection of the new building, bounded by Beaver and William streets and Hanover Square, began September 11, 1883, and on the 25th of February, 1884, the corner-stone was laid by Walter T. Miller (now treasurer), chairman of the Building Committee, George B. Post being the architect. Foundations are laid in concrete upon inverted arches, facing of the first story and main entrance is of limestone, brick and terra-cotta compose the remainder of the façade. Beams, girders, and partitions of iron and fire-proof materials bind together all parts of the grand whole into a structure ideally adapted to the purposes of its founders. Sanitary appliances, hydraulic elevators, electric lighting apparatus, and heating by direct and indirect radiators, are of the best that scientific art can supply. In keeping with all of these, if the dedicatory prayer of the Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, Bishop of New York, have been fully answered, are the ethics and morals of the owners. Anyhow, he did not forget that neither is cotton king nor is corn king, dictating the policies of nations, but only He who is God over all, blessed for evermore. Nor did he omit the petition that all might be kept mindful of obligation, and that the law of life here and everywhere might be the golden rule—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so also to them."

The total cost of the edifice, including ground, structure, furniture, etc., was about $1,000,000, of which all save $310,000, borrowed on mortgage, was supplied from the resources of the Exchange. Rent of the 96 offices in the building not needed by the corporation reaches the average sum of $65,000 annually. This not only defrays all permanent charges, such as interest, taxes, insurance, and running expenses, but gives to the members the use of the hall, committee and classification rooms, etc., free of cost. For salaries, telegrams, tickers, legal services, and sundry other items incident to the working of the organization, the yearly outlay from May 1st to May 1st is from $25,000 to $30,000. This sum is provided by the fixed dues of 454 members—150 of them living outside the city, and for the most part in the South—plus the sums received for floor privileges, transfers of seats, etc., leaving a handsome surplus besides.

The New York Cotton Exchange, duly chartered by the Legislature of the State, is a corporation whose property, affairs, business, and concerns are under the direction of a president, vice-president, treasurer, and fifteen managers, who together constitute the Board of Managers, of whom the majority is a quorum for the transaction of business. Charles W. Ide, the president, and James O. Bloss, the vice-president, are cotton commission-merchants. Walter T. Miller, the treasurer, is a cotton broker.

Superintendent E. R. Powers is an exceedingly numerous and efficient official, qualified by long business and editorial experience for duties involving the keeping of all accounts except those of the treasurer, general superintendency of the Exchange, and whatever else may be imposed upon him by the by-laws, or required by the Board of Managers.

Among the members is the usual diversity of national derivation, faith, and unfaith; gentlemen of Greek, Hebrew, Teutonic, Latin, Slavic, and Anglo-Saxon extraction, whose branch houses are coextensive with Christian and non-Christian civilization, whose business colleagues are in friendliest touch with royalty and democracy alike, and whose names are synonymous with commercial integrity and daring.

The purposes of all parties to the association are the adjustment of controversies between themselves, establishment of just and equitable principles in commerce, maintenance of uniformity in rule and procedure, adoption of classification standards, acquisition and dissemination of useful information connected with the cotton interest, decrease of local business risks, and increase and facilitation of the cotton trade.

In the execution of these purposes an Adjudication Committee of five persons not members of the Board of Managers is annually balloted for by the board, and thus appointed to decide any controversies between members which might be the subject of an action at law or in equity, save as regards real estate. Judgments of the Supreme Court are rendered upon the awards made pursuant to such submission. Power to issue subpœnas for the attendance of witnesses living or being within the metropolitan police district, and to make awards, is lodged in a majority of this committee. Appeal is not permissible unless the award be tainted by fraud, collusion, or corruption of the committee or of some member thereof. To the credit of the corporation, be it said, the duties of this judicial body are not burdensome. Its awards when made, in view of the general costliness of judicial court procedure, are certainly cheap at $5 per member per sitting, even when the cost thereof is assessed upon the unsuccessful litigant.

All persons twenty-one years of age, resident or non-resident, of good character and financial standing, are eligible to membership. Applications for admission are posted on the bulletin of the Exchange for ten days, then considered by the Committee on Membership, and lastly accepted or rejected by the board. Electees must subscribe to charter, by-laws, and rules; pay, in case they do not enter by purchase of a membership, the initiation fee of $10,000, and also the current annual dues of $50. Certificates of membership may be transferred by members to members-elect, but to no other persons. Their market value declined from $5800 to about $1300 in 1887. Each is now worth about $600. Enforcement of obligations by penalty is efficient. Any culprit found guilty of reporting false sales is expelled. Written memoranda must be reciprocally given by parties to transactions. Any member of the Exchange unable to meet his liabilities to other members at maturity must immediately communicate the fact by letter to the superintendent, by whom it is at once posted on the bulletin of the Exchange. This serves as due notice to all members, and operates an immediate closure of all outstanding contracts between them and the disabled confessor. Settlements must be at the average quotation of like contracts on the day, or day following, when such letter is posted, unless debarred by the Supervisory Committee after investigation has satisfied them of ability to fulfil his obligations. Death closes all contracts at average quotations of the day on which notice thereof is posted. In such case interested parties, under penalty for failure, must present statement of contracts with decedent, within ten days from the posting, to the superintendent of the Exchange. Failure of members not posted to liquidate matured claims must be entered by aggrieved claimants in the Record of Failures, a book kept by the superintendent, within ten days after such delinquency, under pain of forfeiting right to redress, and of suspension for the fault of omission. Copy of each record in this uniquely and painfully interesting volume is delivered by the superintendent to the Supervisory Committee, who promptly examine the proofs of the charge, and if satisfied of its justice cause due notice of failure to be at once posted. Any claimant, whether principal or broker, who holds a claim against a failor on account of the purchase or sale of cotton or print cloths—spot, to arrive, free on board, in transit, or for future delivery—and not on account of any note, notes, or time obligations, must record such claim within thirty days after the posting of notice, or forfeit right to participate in proceeds of public sale of the delinquent's membership. Objections by derelicts, by their executors or administrators, to adduced claims are, together with the claims, submitted to the Arbitration Committee, whose awards are recorded in the Book of Decisions of Arbitration Committees. From them cases may be taken to the Board of Appeals, whose decisions are conclusive, and are recorded in the Book of Decisions of the Board of Appeals. Future reinstatement in membership is dependent upon the probity of the insolvent. Suspension or expulsion may ensue upon wilful disobedience to corporate statute, or upon disreputable or fraudulent transactions with any person not a member of the body. Complaints must be written, specific, signed, accompanied by documentary evidence and list of witnesses. Trial by the Supervisory Committee is followed by submission of their report to the Board of Managers, whose revision ends in affirmance, reversion, or modification of the finding, and in judicial decision. If guilty, the defendant may be suspended or expelled. If the latter, all his interest in the corporate property escheats to the Exchange; membership is sold at public outcry, and proceeds applied to pay indebtedness, the balance being payable to the expelled or his legal representatives or assigns.

What makes expulsion the more punitive is the loss of all appropriation from the Gratuity Fund to heirs in event of death. The Gratuity Fund is a special feature of this, as of other civic commercial exchanges. It is made up of a fixed and uniform assessment, not exceeding $12 50 ($10 at the present time), upon every membership at the death of any member, and is collectible —to the extent of a decedent two per cent. of the entire membership—under the regulations that apply to annual dues; is disbursed under legal rules, within twelve months from proof of death, to the heirs of the deceased; and as a gratuity is not subject to will, pledge, or mortgage. Three members, known as Trustees of the Gratuity Fund, are elected to serve in such capacity for a period of three years. Their duty is to collect assessments, pay out gratuities from assessments or surplus in harmony with the prescribed increasing scale, legally and securely invest the trust funds, and report annually to the Board of Managers. Thus far, for 25 deaths within the first five years after the organization of the fund, $56,500 have been paid out; $35,000 for 10 deaths in the sixth year, and $28,000 for seven deaths in the seventh year, being $119,500 in all. After June 1, 1890, the amount of gratuity payable rose to $4500. Assets, May 27, 1890, aggregated $82,753 34, and liabilities $14,325, leaving a net surplus of $68,428 34.

Election of officers is on the first Monday in June of each year by ballot, each electee entering upon duty on Thursday of the same week. The president may call meetings of the Exchange whenever he thinks it best to do so, or when duly requested, presides thereat, and communicates to the Exchange or Board of Managers whatever in his opinion may minister to the welfare and usefulness of the institution. Vice-president, secretary, and treasurer perform the duties appurtenant to their respective positions. No member of the Board of Managers can be appointed to any position in connection with the Exchange that is either salaried or with remunerative fees attached. Omission of duty, except for unavoidable causes, vacates managerial office. Of the 16 standing committees the composition of any one, except that of Adjudication and the Board of Appeals, may be changed at any time. The Executive Committee, appointed from the Board of Managers, has general supervision of the property, business, and affairs of the Exchange; the Finance Committee of its pecuniary matters; the Floor Committee of the conduct of members, whose individual exuberance may be restrained by fine not exceeding $10, or by complaint to the Supervisory Committee. The Committee on Classification, duly salaried and wholly at the service of the corporation, consists of seven recognized expert members of the Exchange, of whom three, drawn by lot, act upon each appeal. They are also charged with the duty of making up types when so instructed by the inspector-in-chief. The Committee on Trade busies itself with regulations. That on Quotations for Spot Cotton, at 12 M. and 2 P.M.—on Saturdays at 11.45 A.M.—by majority vote of its seven members present, establishes the market quotation for the time being of Middling Upland cotton. Relative differences of valuation between the grades are determined by the Revision of Quotations Committee. The Committee on Quotations of Futures determines and reports every morning to the superintendent the tone and price of the contract market, for transmission by cable to Europe. The Arbitration Committee of seven members supplies the third arbitrator chosen by the two elected by contending parties for the settlement of disputes. The Warehouse and Delivery Committee, one of whom is the president *ex officio*, and another the secretary of the committee—who is also the inspector-in-chief—directs the Inspection Bureau, and decides all questions of detail in the inspection and certification of cotton, passes upon applications for license as warehousemen, assistant inspectors, owners and captains (part owners) of lighters, weigh-masters, samplers, truck owners, and head menders from local parties interested in the cotton commerce. Licensed warehousemen are entitled to admission upon the Exchange floor on payment of member's dues and assessments, and are subject to corporate law in matters pertaining to their cotton business.

In watching the progress of cotton from the Southern plantations whereon it grew to the point of departure from New York warehouses for foreign or domestic mills, in which it will pass through multitudinous manipulations into various forms of textile fabrics, the observer is struck by the division of labor expended upon it, the natural and disciplined skill with which it is handled, and the complexity of business and legal arrangements through which it must go. Arriving at New York by land or marine carriage, about one-half passes through the city. The other half is warehoused, and that portion of the half destined to delivery on contract is inspected: 1,298,156 bales were thus received in the season of 1888-9. Cotton grown on the uplands of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas has a staple of ⅝ to ⅞ of an inch; that from bottom and swamp land averages 1 to 1⅛ inches. Much of "extra" or "fancy" cotton, with staple measuring 1⅛ to 1⅜ inches, is grown in these States, and is known under the designation of "Benders," "Peeler," "Allen," etc. The famous sea island cotton of Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina has a staple averaging 1¾ inches, with extremes of 1½ to 2¼ inches. That of the last-mentioned State is of somewhat better quality.

Inspection, sampling, weighing, and classing of all cotton to be delivered upon contracts for future delivery are done under the auspices of the New York Cotton Exchange, through the supervision of Inspector-in-chief William P. Campbell, an officer appointed by the corporation to take entire direction of these matters. For this he is excellently qualified by natural endowment, Southern mercantile experiences, and moral principles tested by the fires of civil war. Conscientiously secessionist when confronted by General Butler, he is not less conscientiously national now that the issues of the "irrepressible conflict" have been settled by arbitrament of the sword and legislation of the reunited republic. Aided by his staff—chief assistant inspector and clerks, five sub-inspectors, five samplers—sundry laborers, and the Classification Committee, at a total annual fixed charge to the Exchange of about $43,000, from May 1, 1889, to April 30, 1890, he inspected 206,690, and certificated 77,428 bales of cotton, at a cost to the owners of $60,756 72. Deducting all expenses, the net earnings of the Inspection Bureau for the year reached the satisfactory sum of $9,502 36; leaving balance on hand of $8,701 45, guaranteeing the grade of 35,897 bales of cotton.

Charge for inspection, etc., is 10 cents per bale; for classification, 10 cents; and for classification on appeal, 10 cents per bale.

The inspection system has been in operation about three years, but does not command universal approval. Some value it as a safeguard against former abuses and inconveniences. Possession of large capital then implied undue advantages to the owners. Cost of repeated handling and weighing was onerous, and not less burdensome was the technical play of lawyers striving for the upper hand rather than the fair and open one in behalf of their disputing clients. Now, with warehouse receipt and inspection certificate in hand, the buyer may borrow money at the bank on their security in sufficient sums to liquidate contracts as they mature. Notwithstanding this, there are not wanting many who would abolish the inspection system, on the ground that it drives away cotton from the New York market.

Consignees are not obliged to submit cotton not contracted to inspectors. If sold as spot cotton it is not inspected, or if so, but seldom, and then to determine the grade, as between shipper and receiver, when received from Southern points. Any member of the Exchange wishful for the inspection and classification of cotton for delivery on contract notifies the inspector-in-chief in writing at his room, No. 29 Cotton Exchange building, and specifies the number of bales, marks, and place where such inspection is

desired. The place must be a responsible licensed warehouse. Simultaneously he furnishes the inspector-in-chief with a list of such marks and class marks as he may desire to be placed upon the bales. In the absence of such instructions the marks already upon the bales are regarded as those intended to be placed upon them, and are supplemented with proper class marks. After receipt of notification the inspector-in-chief promptly details an assistant inspector, a duly licensed sampler, and a weigh-master, to see whether the bales be of contract grade and merchantable, to inspect and sample carefully in duplicate, or triplicate if desired, to weigh the cotton, and to place upon the bales such marks as his instructions direct, and also a lot number, which is the same on each bale constituting the lot, or class mark. Thus "B 6377" is a lot number, and "G U V" the mark. Interference in any way with inspection is positively forbidden. No sampler can be employed who is in the service of any person interested in the cotton to be inspected. Samples are kept in separate papers for each class mark in the lot. Samples drawn from the bales in pairs, or in one that is afterward broken in two, are from both sides. These are deposited in bags, which are sealed at the warehouse, and sent forthwith to the inspector-in-chief, who causes them to be put up, and then exposed to the air for twenty-four hours without being handled. After this they pass into the hands of three members of the Classification Committee, at No. 10 Old Slip, by whom comparison of the two or three sets drawn from each bale is made, and that in proper light, to see that they agree. Next they are carefully classified, by either mental or actual comparison of original sample with the types, or with the working standards based on the types, like those adopted by the National Cotton Exchange of the United States for the crop of 1886–7. Original or ultimate standards are excluded from the light, so as to preserve their primitive quality and appearance. Bale by bale the classification proceeds into one or more of the following grades: fair, barely fair, strict middling fair, fully middling fair, middling fair, barely middling fair, strict good middling, fully good middling, good middling, barely good middling, strict middling, fully middling, middling, barely middling, strict low middling, fully low middling, low middling, barely low middling, strict good ordinary, fully good ordinary, good ordinary, barely good ordinary, strict ordinary, tinged, strict middling stained, fully middling stained, middling stained, barely middling stained, strict low middling stained, fully low middling stained, low middling stained, barely low middling stained, strict good ordinary stained. Full grades are fair, middling fair, good middling, middling, low middling, good ordinary, and ordinary. Half grades are designated by the term "strict"; quarter grades by "barely," signifying the mean point between the half grade and the next full grade below, and "fully" indicating the mean point between the half grade and the next full grade above. In classing stained cotton the same subdivision of grades is observed. Over 350,000 bales are said by Mr. Henry Hentz to have been stored in New York at one time.

All these distinctions are marvellous to the uninitiated, to whom cotton is cotton and nothing more, but simple enough to the practised experts, who, from the number and nicety of these fractional grades, must be endued with microscopic vision, exquisite tactile sense, and intuitive accuracy of judgment. Like Solomon, they have seen an end of all professed perfection. Not even the *Gossypium* fibre, in all its snowy whiteness, is ever more than "fair," oftener "middling," and, alas! too often "stained."

Fraudulently packed bales, containing any foreign substance; water-packed bales, or bales containing damaged cotton in the interior, without exhibition of such contents on the exterior; bales plated, or composed of good cotton on the outside, and decidedly inferior cotton inside, in such manner as not to be detected without opening or boring into the bales—are not deliverable. Any bale containing over five pounds of seed or gin-fall is also rejected. Either party to a sale is entitled to the quashing of all disputes through the opening of a bale and examination of its contents. Bands for each bale must not exceed 12 pounds in weight, nor must the enveloping bagging be of undue quantity. Bales of less than 300 pounds weight are not merchantable.

Certificate of classification, signed by the three classifiers, stating how many bales there are of each grade in each lot or class mark, is rendered to the inspector-in-chief at his office by the classification secretary, and a duplicate thereof is delivered to the owner of the cotton. The inspector thereupon inscribes the facts in a book of record of all cotton inspected, including place and date of inspection, marks by which it was submitted to him, the new marks adopted, inspection number, weight, names of parties requesting the inspection, names of samplers and weigh-masters, and any other detail needful to insure its future identification.

Parties interested in the property may, if dissatisfied, demand action upon it *de novo* by the Appeal Committee on Classification. This consists of three members of the Classification Committee who did not serve in the first instance, who compare the duplicate sample with standards, and whose revision is final. It may affirm the original grading, or change it to another. Whatever it may be, on receipt of certificate, the inspector-in-chief records it. He also records the weigh-master's duplicate return of the weight of lots, which must correspond with that received from the assistant inspector.

After cotton has been sampled and weighed, negotiable warehouse receipts, giving the marks of bales and lot numbers, are issued to holders of cotton. A separate receipt is rendered for each lot. No receipt is for more than about 100 bales, or 50,000 pounds. All are lettered or numbered consecutively by each warehouse, and no two receipts bear the same letter or number. Upon presentation of the warehouse receipt to the inspector-in-chief, that official stamps thereon the weight of the cotton. He also issues, on application, a certificate stating the name of the warehouse, number or letter of the warehouse receipt, marks of bales and lot numbers, whether compressed or uncompressed, and the number of bales of each grade, and certifies that the grading as specified is correct. This is good for twelve months, and is equally valid when necessarily signed by the chairman of the Warehouse and Delivery Committee. Charges therefor are paid by the party having the cotton inspected. After March 1, 1891, the deliverer of the cotton can collect the charges from the receiver.

A negotiable warehouse receipt, signed by the warehouseman, endorsed by the drawee—endorsement being duly attested—and accompanied by inspector's certificate of grade constitutes a good delivery, and liquidates a contract. Transfer must be free and clear of all expenses to the recipient. Weight as stamped on the warehouse receipt is accepted by all parties for one year from date of weighing, subject to allowance of half a pound per bale per month. Failure to make good delivery is regarded as penal default. Differences between the prices mentioned in the contract for future delivery and those ruling for spot cotton, when transfer is made at any time before maturity, are paid by the party against whom the discrepancy prevails.

Warehousemen are put under bonds as additional security to holders of warehouse receipts. They notify the inspector-in-chief of removals on surrender of certificates of grade with receipts, and return the certificates for cancellation. The Cotton Exchange Inspection Fund, created by fees for inspection of cotton, is alone responsible for the correction of the certificates issued by the inspector-in-chief as to the grade of the cotton certified; but all claims upon it for loss in grade must be preferred within twelve months from date of certificate, and before the cotton leaves the port of New York. Liability surceases at the close of the year, or on the departure of the cotton. Very much cotton, as we have already stated, passes through New York to different destinations without being subjected to inspection.

Delivery of spot cotton and cotton on contract is guarded by regulations assuring equity and faithfulness of all parties. Samples of rejected cotton may be submitted in appeal. The two sets of samples drawn for purposes of inspection are the property of the party holding the stamped warehouse receipt and inspector's certificate of grade. The set retained by the inspector-in-chief is safely cared for by Mr. Cohen, an ex-merchant of Charleston, South Carolina, in charge of the sample department of the Inspection Bureau, at No. 54–60 Stone Street, for ninety days after the cotton has left New York. Then it becomes subject to the order of the owner. This, if not presented within twelve months, leaves the set in possession of the Exchange, to be sold for the benefit of the Inspection Bureau. Mr. Cohen also sees to it that the seals of all samples are broken only in presence of the Classification Committee, holds said samples subject to order, and has custody of all the types constituting the standards of grades.

Questions arising about the delivery of cotton in other way than that of contract may be settled by private or official arbitration, without right of appeal, at cost of $15, and six cents per bale for all in excess of 100. Commissions on sale of cotton contracts are paid by buyer and seller both, at the rate of 12½ cents per bale when the transaction is not for members of the Exchange. Seven and a half cents is the rate for members whose offices are not within half a mile of the Exchange, and 2½ cents if they are; also one cent per bale when one member merely buys or sells for another. A "point" of $5 falls to the commission merchant on every purchase or sale of 100 bales on his account. Under these rates, the general complaint by the brokers is of insufficient remuneration.

Arrangements are made for dealings in print cloths similar to those in force for traffic in cotton. In case of time contracts, whether of cotton or print cloths, either party has the right to call for a margin as the variations of the market may warrant. Such margins must be kept good. Verbal contracts, followed by timely written notice, have identical binding force with written ones.

Entering the hall of the New York Cotton Exchange—the offices of clerks and higher officials being on the right; cloak and smoking rooms, together with public and private telephones, through which distinct conversation is carried on with Philadelphia, Fall River, and Boston, on the left—the first thing to arrest attention is the large brass ring about which some brokers have settled themselves (*dolce far niente*) on camp-stools. Others stand on the three concentric wooden steps, ascending from interior or exterior, that encircle the ring. Few, perhaps none, are motionless. More in keeping with the staple whose influence upon the national union occasioned one of the bloodiest and most enthusiastic internecine wars known to history, are the quick, nervous start, the intense concentration, the curt challenge, the explosive yell, the chorus of shrieking shouts that distinguish them, and particularly when commercial crises draw excited hundreds to the same centre. When business is oppressively dull, as during the bank holiday in England, or in the morning hour when waiting for traffic to begin, the effervescent spirits of juvenile members find outlet in mild pranks, impromptu oratorios, or spirited renditions of popular airs. On the last day of one particular year business around the "ring" was interrupted by an introductory shout of "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" from the "Whyo gang" of the Exchange, led by several institutional "Generals." This was followed by a simultaneous blast from five huge tin horns and an Indian warwhoop. Other members joined the fanfaronade, cried, "Look at the dude!" when associates appeared under silk hats, and pelted the obnoxious tiles with wet balls of paper and telegraph tape. Recitations from an admirable mimic added strength to the good-humored furor. One grave Teutonic member, formerly of the Floor Committee, is said to have been grievously wounded in feeling because of his opposition to the frivolous habit of knocking off hats in business hours. Another is said to have been provisionally accommodated for "big head" by the projected addition of a Mansard-roof to the building.

Behind the kaleidoscopic crowd is the bulletin-board, whereon, as business intermittently struggles onward, are chalked the future delivery prices for twelve months, beginning with the present. The day is sultry and depressing. So is trade, for the bulletin says that the market is closing very dull, and that only 6400 bales have changed owners. What the sputtering hubbub must be when trade is brisk may be guessed from the difficulty with which Superintendent Powers, aided by the hard pounding of his gavel, succeeds in obtaining a hearing for his calls, and announcement of spot and future sales. On another bulletin behind the ring is an exhibit of latest receipts of cotton at each of the seaports and at four principal interior towns; also last week's receipts, and receipts for the corresponding weeks in 1889 and 1888 at each point. On others are inscribed the closing prices for all grades at the end of each day, state of the market, visible supply, crop movements, freights, and the day's gross receipts at New York; also prices of futures at New Orleans and Havre; price of exchange in London, of bankers' sight and sixty days drafts, and the bank rate; port net receipts for the current day, per day last week, last week, corresponding week of last year; current spot rates for immediate delivery, also last year's at same date; and Liverpool and Bombay daily reports. Ample array of newspapers, and a weather symbol map, prepared by the Signal Service of the United States army, showing wind, weather, and temperature at 7 A.M., 75th meridian time, at different points all over the United States, combine with all the foregoing facts and figures to furnish factors for forecast, judicious venture, and blameless calculation. The general bulletin-board exhibits notices of propositions for sales and transfers of memberships, crop and weather reports from different sections of the country, and report of the stock of cotton (50,710 bales now as against 96,199 in 1889) actually in the port of New York. The eleemosynary instincts of the American people are strikingly vocal in the telegram, dated August 2, 1890, from W. M. Mitchell, president of the Houston Commercial Club, Texas, to C. W. Ide, president of the New York Cotton Exchange, that is tacked to the board:

"Texas first bale sold on Chicago board. Redonated and forwarded to your Exchange to be sold for benefit Bayland Orphan Home. Please take some interest, and if buyer redonates, suggest it be sent to Boston to be sold during Grand Army of the Republic Encampment."

This is characteristic, cunningly touches an ever-vibratory string, listens for the cheerful chipping in of clinking dollars, and impatiently waits to utter the "We told you so. We know those Northern cotton men!"

Tickers print the sales at the Stock and Consolidated exchanges; a gallery overhead connects with public curiosity; samples of cotton under glass exemplify the standard medium grade at New York, and the curious fact that the Liverpool high grades are lower while the low grades are higher than those of New York. Telegraphs silently explain these and sundry other anomalies.

Hours of business at the Exchange are from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.; on Mondays between June 1st and October 1st, from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M.; on all Saturdays, from 10 A.M. to 12 M. Trading or offering to trade for future delivery of cotton or print cloth after these hours is punishable by fine, suspension, or expulsion. All such contracts not made in prescribed hours are invalid. Non-resident visitors and representatives of absent members may be admitted to the floor, but not to trade thereon. Every order given to a member as broker to buy or sell a contract for the future delivery of cotton is in form following:

"Subject to the rules and by-laws of the New York Cotton Exchange, make for my account, and, as often as cancelled, replace a contract for the sale [or purchase] of 100 bales of cotton, deliverable [or receivable] in" [November, or any other month].

Futures are seldom made to mature in twelve months; oftener they are for eight, and more often for six or four months ahead. The largest dealings for delivery are for one or two months from date. Cotton is not consigned for sale to New York commission houses in quantities equal to those of former years. New Orleans and Memphis are said to retain most of their commission business. Agents from New York and New England now buy largely from planters on their estates. Direct connection also largely exists between producers and agents on the New York Cotton Exchange. The latter are instructed by clients to sell on time contracts, which are fulfilled by shipments of cotton as the terms of the contract may direct. Future contracts within twelve months are always seller's options as to day of month for delivery. Business, as a rule, is heaviest in the months of November and December. Contracts may be bought in or sold out, as the interest of the parties may determine. Manufacturing firms and corporations usually buy November or December futures, and by so doing are protected against advance in prices. Orders from those in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe arrive every morning.

Public calls for the purchase and sale of cotton contracts are made thrice a day, namely, at the time of opening the Exchange, 12 M., and 2 P.M., by the superintendent, and are by months, beginning with that current, and continuing through the list of months so far as there is a desire to trade. He also states the number of bales sold under each call, and between the several calls. Any offers on the floor of the Exchange to buy or sell for future delivery are open to the first member who accepts them. Disputes about offers, acceptances, withdrawals, etc., except on call, are decided by the superintendent on the spot, or, in the event of appeal from his decision, by a majority of the members present. Offers are in cents, or cents and decimal fractions of a cent, but the latter must not be less than one-hundredth ($\frac{1}{100}$) of one cent per pound. All bids and offers must be accepted before others can be legally taken or reported. Offers to sell at a lower or buy at a higher rate vacate prior offers to sell at a higher or buy at a lower rate. A transaction vacates all previous bids and offers, and paves the way for fresh efforts. Either party to a contract has the right, in order to protect himself against variations in the market, to call for an original margin of from one to five dollars per bale at the time of signing it, and must put up and deposit with the superintendent an amount in current funds or certified check equal to that called by him. All trading in puts and calls is strictly prohibited. Contracts for future delivery must be strictly observed, unless holders have contracts corresponding in all respects except price against each other. Then they may be cancelled upon written notice and payment of differences. Numerous and repeated transfers of contracts often lead to "ring clearances," in which the parties thereto bind themselves in writing or by verbal consent to settlement. These reach the original contracts of highest prices through adjustment of subsequent ones, on basis of bid prices posted on the morning of the day when the ring is made. Such transactions swell the reported volume of business. Together with sales of cotton actually stored in the South, they go far toward explanation of the numerical difference between the 1,298,156 bales first touching a market at New York in the season of 1888–9, and the 21,399,543 bales reported sold as spot and contract cotton at the Cotton Exchange in the business year 1889–90. Rules similar to those governing dealings in cotton govern transactions in print cloths. These latter, however, are few, if any, and seem to have entirely ceased. All brokerages are, of course, paid by employers. Failure to deposit required margin closes the contract, and subjects parties in default to payment of difference.

Transferable notice of delivery, or of demand for delivery, when required by contract, is for 50,000 pounds of cotton, and is usually given before 10 A.M. of the fifth day prior to delivery. Any recipient of a notice may transfer it to another, and he to another, and so on almost indefinitely, each transferee endorsing upon it the time of its reception. The last holder must give written notice to the party issuing notice of delivery before the closing of the Exchange on the day previous to its maturity, and be prepared to return the transferable notice in exchange for warehouse receipt and inspector's certificate of grade, which will vest in him the title to the property therein described on the ensuing day. All differences of price involved in process of transfer must be duly liquidated on the basis of middling, with allowance for variations in grade in accordance with established quotations. Failure to receive or deliver involves penalty of $\frac{25}{100}$ c. per pound against the delinquent. Deliveries other than those upon contract are at the risk of the buyer after the cotton has passed the scales of the weigher. All cotton must be delivered and received, with due regard to weather, at the rate of 20 bales per hour from each scale, when required, within 10 days from date of purchase.